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THE SUFFRAGE,

CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE WORKING CLASS, AND TO THE PROFESSIONAL CLASS.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

WHY were the people of England so earnest on behalf of the Reform Bill of 1831? Why are the people of England so indifferent about the Reform Bill of 1860? We have all asked ourselves these questions. I doubt whether party politicians will ever find the answers to them. I am sure that those who are not party politicians are quite as much interested in the answers to them as they can be.

So far as those whom we commonly describe as the Working Classes are concerned, an *à priori* speculator might have looked for exactly the opposite result to that which he witnesses. Those classes were not specially considered in Lord Grey's Bill; the classes with which they had least sympathy, the great producers and the shopkeepers, were specially considered in it. They had been taught, by most of the speakers and writers who had influence over them, to suspect the Whigs; the Whigs were the authors of the measure. Nevertheless, the cry for the bill, and the whole bill, went through the length and breadth of the land. It arose from the lowest courts and alleys; the wisest confessed it to be indeed a national cry; the bravest, with the Duke of Wellington at their head, bowed before it.

The Bill of 1860 does contemplate these working classes; appears designed especially for them. The popular agi-

tator tells them that, if they gain so much, all else they want will follow. He speaks with an ability and an eloquence which few of his predecessors in the same line possessed. He addresses himself directly to the material interests of these classes. The aristocrats, he says, are taxing them cruelly; if they can procure a great numerical addition to the constituencies, much of the taxation will be unnecessary, much will be turned in another direction. What can move them if these arguments do not?

The facts say, There must be some arguments which move the hearts of men more than these. And *à priori* reasoning must bow to facts in a practical country like England.

It may sound very absurd, to say that calculations of profit and loss do not affect people who *are* poor, and *may* starve, as much as appeals to their conscience and their sympathy. Young gentlemen who know the world are struck at once with the folly of such an assertion. But I suspect that these young gentlemen fall into the fallacy of confounding the stomach with reasonings about the stomach, which address themselves not to it, but to the brain. The bakers' shops had a voice for the hungry crowds who poured out of St. Antoine, which might drown discourses about liberty and the rights of man. But discourses about liberty and the

rights of man were more effective upon those crowds, than arguments respecting the price of the luxuries or even the necessities of life. In times of revolution, as well as in times of quiet, the same lesson is forced upon us. Working men—yes, even if they are also suffering men—demand that you should do homage to something in them which is not material, which is not selfish. When they claim to be adopted as part of the nation, not to be regarded as standing outside of it, phantoms of pecuniary advantage or pecuniary exemption may float before their eyes. *You* may possibly be able to persuade them that those phantoms are all that they are pursuing, can pursue, ought to pursue. But before you bring them to that conviction, you will have quite established another in their minds. You will have left them in no doubt that those are the objects *you* are following after; that *you* identify the privilege of belonging to a nation—of being a living and governing part of it—with the outward good things which it procures for you. And they will despise and hate you for that baseness; will despise and hate you the more because you give them credit for sharing in it.

Any one who recollects the kind of feeling which was at work in 1831 and 1832 will quickly apply this remark to that time. The indignation in the people, whether justified or not, was a moral indignation. It was an indignation against the upper classes as caring for their material interests more than for the well-being of the nation. The cry was, "The purse is supreme. We are 'bought and sold. These peers who 'call themselves noble, and talk about 'a glorious ancestry, care only for their 'acres. These clergy who tell us about 'a Kingdom of Heaven, care only for 'their livings on earth. We must have 'all that set right. Three cheers for the 'bill." I am not saying that there was not great unfairness in these cries. I am saying only that they had more weight with the body of the people, more influence in securing their votes for the proposed reform, than any

reasonings about the effect of admitting by a 50% franchise in the counties or a 10% franchise in the towns. The scandal and the shame of confounding high, national, divine interests, with low, class, material interests, struck the conscience of men who could not understand nice questions about representation. And that conscience, far more than all the skill of those who framed the bill, or the ingenuity of those who defended it, or the eagerness of those who profited by it, overcame an opposition that was formidable not for the wealth and traditional influence only, but for the character, the wisdom, and the earnestness of those who took part in it.

I do not allude to the formal opposition in either House. I allude to those who were certain never to be members of Parliament; to some of the most mature thinkers of that day. A few of my readers will have heard themselves, all of us know by report, the eloquent discourses which Mr. Wordsworth was wont to pour forth against the Bill. Yet he was not ashamed of his early revolutionary fervour; his later Toryism was associated with profound reverence for the lower classes, with independence of aristocratical patronage. Mr. Hallam, born and bred amongst Whigs—living amongst them—expressed, at a time when the weight of his testimony as a constitutional historian would have been most valuable to his friends, what must have been a most serious, because a most reluctant, disapprobation of their measure. Can it be doubted that both these illustrious men, starting from such opposite points, with characters and education so dissimilar, agreed in their conclusion, because both equally dreaded a sacrifice of moral and intellectual to material interests, from the predominance of the class which the bill proposed to enfranchise? On the other hand, what endeared it to the younger men of the literary and professional class who revered the authority of these guides, and yet could not stoop to it, but the experience which they had, or thought they had, of

the terrible weight of those same material interests in the system which the bill disturbed? In many a house, where a grave and righteous father, or uncle, somewhere on the wrong side of sixty, met a son or nephew just fresh from college, with a mind which he had helped to form, and which reflected his own, did a dialogue take place, not much varying in substance from this:—

Senex. I wish you could tell me why you have fallen in love with this new constitution which Lord Grey is so good as to devise for us.

Juvenis. You remember Johnson, sir; he passed part of one long vacation with me at your house.

Senex. Of course, I remember him; a very clever, sparkling fellow. Absurdly liberal; but with no harm in him. I shall be glad to see him again. What has that to do with my question?

Juvenis. He comes in for the borough of Y—— on Lord P's interest.

Senex. On Lord P's interest! one of the most conspicuous names in Schedule A. Dead against the bill!

Juvenis. Just so. Johnson, knowing all the arguments for it, and heartily sympathising in them, can, of course, oppose it much more effectually than those who have only learnt by heart the common-places on the other side.

Senex. Humph! Some who think as I do might utter words of triumph about the easy virtue of Radicals. I do not. I am as sorry for your friend as you can be.

Juvenis. Well, sir! And must I not hate a system with perfect hatred which reduces a man—one with whom I have exchanged thoughts and hopes, one whom I care for, in all respects a better as well as a wiser man than I am—into a creature whom I am obliged to despise?

Senex. Be true to thyself, my boy, and then thou wilt not be false to any man, or to thy country, though thou mayst make thousands of mistakes.

Juvenis. You have taught me not to lie, sir; I owe therefore to you my hatred of this serpent which is tempting us all to lie. I do not understand, let me say it with all deference, your tolerance of

feudalism. Of all persons I have ever known, you abhor money-worship most, and have kept your soul freest from it. How can you endure that which persuades the wise and the unwise that their tongues, their hearts, their manhood, are all articles for sale?

Senex. My respect for aristocracy is increased, not diminished, by the horror I have of these proceedings; by my certainty that they will bring a curse upon those who commit them, and upon the land. If an aristocracy forgets that it is a witness for intellect and manhood, and against the power of the purse, I am not to forget it. I am not to endure with power those who believe only in the purse, who think that all institutions which connect us with the past, which tell us that we are a nation of men, are hindrances to its triumphs, and therefore should be swept away. The new Reform Bill means that for me; therefore, I protest against it.

Juvenis. It seems to me, sir, that the incubus which is pressing upon us must be got rid of somehow, and that we must not shrink from any efforts, shun any allies, fear to face any consequences, if we can but throw it off.

I wish to illustrate by this dialogue the common feeling which was at work in the most earnest men who took opposite sides in this great controversy. I wish to show that that common feeling was a dread lest the nation should perish through the idolatry of material interests by one or other of its classes. This feeling was stronger than all questions of detail; strong enough to make those who accepted the bill endure many details in it which they disliked—those who rejected it fear many of its gifts which they might have been glad to receive. And this feeling, it seems to me, won the triumph. The aristocracy had committed the sin with which they were charged. The judgment for it could not be delayed. It came in a form which averted the doom of which many supposed it was the trumpet.

The wisdom of the aged could not prevail against the righteous decrees of

Heaven. It did make itself good against many of the dreams and hopes of the young men, in which heavenly and earthly elements were mixed. Their turn for murmuring against the ten-pound householders of the town was to come. The complaints were repeated—loudly repeated—by the working men, who had joined to procure for the middle class its new position. In the case, however, of the professional class, they produced what was called a "Conservative reaction;" in the other case they issued in a fiercer radicalism. The one talked of the old constitution, dreamt of times when men cared less for money than they do now, detected some truth in what they had been used to describe as platitudes respecting the wisdom of our ancestors; the other cried for manhood-suffrage and the points of the charter. They were apparently, therefore, moving farther and farther from each other; the first regretting that the aristocracy had conceded so much, the other saying that to them they had conceded nothing. Meantime a victory was won by that class of which both were jealous; a victory which curiously illustrates the subject I am considering. The Conservative party rose to power supported by the cry that the new class to which the Reform Bill had given so much influence would sacrifice all old institutions to mere immediate material interests if they were not withstood. The Conservative party bound itself to the preservation of an immediate material interest. No doubt many of its members looked upon the Corn Laws in a higher light than this; no doubt they regarded them as sacred ancient institutions. But the conscience of the country could not recognise them under this name. It pronounced them a selfish monopoly contrived for the good of a class; it passed sentence upon them. Sir Robert Peel, not in the character of a representative of middle-class feelings—however he may deserve on some grounds to be so described—but as a practical statesman, confessed a power which was too strong for him, and sacrificed to it his party and his reputation.

Let this fact be remembered by the champions of that cause. Let them laugh as they like at a national conscience; but let them know that their arguments, their eloquence, their conspiracy would have been utterly ineffectual if they had not enlisted it on their side.

Then came the year 1848. The throne which had relied most upon the support of the middle class, the throne which had aimed most steadily and exclusively at the promotion of material interests, the throne which enlightened *doctrinaires* had supported mainly because they looked upon it as the one barrier against absolutism and democracy, fell down as if it had been a house of cards; and most of the thrones in Europe shook or fell as if they were built of cards also. What did this earthquake mean? There were those who interpreted it thus: "Hitherto," they said, "democracy has been invading only institutions—monarchies, aristocracies, churches. Now it is approaching the heart of society. Now it is threatening property. Now then is the time for all who have property, however little they may care for any of these institutions, to arm themselves. Upper classes, middle classes, rally in this name. With this watchword go forth against your enemies." There were others who looked at this revolution as having a different and somewhat deeper significance. Beneath the mad cry, *La Propriété c'est le vol!* they heard another and a divine voice saying, "No kingdom can stand which exalts the things that a man has above the man himself. Old dynasties have fallen for this sin; this young dynasty has fallen for it; democracies will fall for it just as much."

The practical methods which these two readings of the same events have suggested are necessarily opposite. Let each be tried by its results. In France the necessity of enduring anything that the risks to property might be averted has led to the establishment of a tyranny which crushes thought, intelligence, manhood; do those who care only for

prosperity, and for peace as the great instrument of prosperity, feel that it makes them safe? In England how far has the mere fear of a third class served to hold the upper class and the middle class in union? The great middle-class orator is the person who is causing most alarm to the upper class and to many of his own. He throws himself upon the sympathies of the working-class; he tells them that the aristocracy is plotting their ruin; he points them to the institutions of America as emphatically the cheap institutions. If these are rather ideals to be admired than to be realized, at least by a great addition to the suffrage some of their principal advantages may be secured. Such statements fill our Conservative politicians with terror. They think something must be conceded to these dangerous working men. How much must be conceded, how much can be saved, they ask, sometimes with anxiety, sometimes with a sort of desperate indifference. They appeal to the letter of Lord Macaulay respecting Jefferson as evidence that the most accomplished and philosophical defender of the old Reform Bill dreaded any extension of it which should make property a less necessary element in a constituency; that he regarded the want of reverence for the sacredness of property as the great defect and danger of American institutions. They debate languidly and listlessly, with a sort of resignation to the inevitable—yet with anger at each other for having produced the inevitable—how many of what they regard as the old safeguards of the Constitution can still be defended; beyond what point in the scale of poverty it is possible to go, with only a moderate risk of confiscation.

Those who take the other view of this subject cannot help being struck with the fact, which I noticed at the commencement of this paper, that the working classes do *not* exhibit that passionate sympathy with Mr. Bright's appeals which might naturally be looked for; at all events, that they are quite open to appeals of directly the opposite kind; that they are *more* moved when

they are told that the soil on which they dwell is a precious and sacred thing, which it is their duty and their privilege to defend. That they may become utterly indifferent to such words; that, if those who use them merely adopt them for their own selfish ends, they will lose all their weight, and that then the working people will only care to think of themselves as a class which has an interest at war with the other classes; is obvious enough. But it is not so yet. It is evident to those who look upon them with fair, not partial, eyes, that they wish to be recognised as members of the nation, not to stand aloof from it; to have a common interest with the other classes, not an interest which is opposed to theirs or destructive of theirs. They have the same temptations to be a self-seeking class as the aristocracy have, as the shopkeepers have, no greater temptation. But they must desire, in proportion as they are true to themselves, to maintain that the manhood which they share with others is greater than the property which they do not share with them; that this is a higher title to belong to the nation than that; that only so far as those who have property have also manhood, can they be honourable or useful citizens. Could Lord Macaulay think that America was in danger from holding a faith of this kind? Surely, if he did, he dissented from the great majority of those in England, or in the United States, who mourn over American transgressions, and dread American examples. When we talk of the omnipotent guinea, we surely do not mean that that thriving people hold the possession or the acquisition of gold in too low estimation. When we allude to their defences of the "sacred social institution," we surely do not mean to charge them with an over-reverence for the human being, for being too apt to consider the mere possession of a body and soul a qualification for citizenship.

It can hardly be expected that the mere politician should feel the force of this objection, or that any person should, who is content merely to call himself a member of the upper class or of the

trading class. One had hoped that such a man as Lord Macaulay, who had relations with each of these, but who belonged more strictly to the professional or the literary class, than to any of them, would have felt in that character, if not in the character of an old anti-slavery champion, the duty of not allowing such a triumph to Jefferson and his school as is implied in the admission that their constitution rests on manhood and ours on property. Many circumstances in his position may have made him less able to perceive the peril of this stigma upon England and compliment to America than many inferior men born for a later time. It seems to me of infinite importance that the professional men and literary men of our day should thoroughly understand themselves on this point, that so they may be able thoroughly to understand the working classes. They ought to feel that their very existence as members of professions—their work as men of letters—is inseparable from the belief that the accidents of position, the possession of outward wealth, is not that which makes the citizen. Just so far as they hold fast this faith, just so far will they be free from the sordid admiration of wealth—which is another name for the sordid envy of it—just so far will they be able to show the possessors of wealth what it is good for, because they do not crawl to it or worship it. They may teach the nobleman to reverence his position as a member of a family, as the inheritor of glorious memories and obligations. They may teach the member of the trading class to feel that on him devolve also high memories and great responsibilities; that he, as the maintainer of municipal rights and freedom, has not a less noble position than the greatest proprietor of the soil. But they can only do this while they maintain their own position as men who, not in virtue of any hereditary title, not in virtue of any mercantile dignity, deal with the laws of the body, of the mind, of the spirit, and with those by which society is governed and upheld from age to age.

If they take this ground, they must

feel that their closest and most natural allies are in that class which stands like theirs upon the ground of manhood, which cannot stand upon the ground of possession. That we have all failed, grievously and disgracefully failed, in taking up this position and doing this work,—that we have more to answer for than all politicians for the ignorance of the working people respecting their political position and political duties, and for any errors into which they may fall through counsellors who will lead them to think unworthily of themselves by stirring them up to unworthy suspicions of their fellows,—we are bound always to confess. But this confession will not be an honest and practical one if we fancy that we can make the people aware of these duties by merely preaching about them and denouncing the neglect of them. The claim of the people to a share in the suffrage is an honest and healthy claim; a claim to have a part in the interests of the nation—in the toils and sufferings of the nation. They have not been too earnest in putting forward this claim; they have been too indifferent about it. We all know that *we* also have been careless and indifferent about it to a shameful degree. We can interpret their apathy by our own. We have not cared to use the rights which we have actually possessed, because we have not understood what was the worth of our individual votes. They will go for nothing, we have said; they will be utterly swamped; we shall not be represented after all; men will be returned whom we do not wish for; men who are put forth by clubs or parliamentary agents; men who can bribe; men who can lie. What can we do against these? Cannot we suppose that an honest worker feels a like despair? The despair may often take the form with him of tempting him utterly to part with his honesty; of leading him to think that it cannot be a sin for him to receive what it is counted no sin in a rich man to offer; that he shall do no more harm in entertaining one trafficker with his con-

science than another. Can we not also imagine that, when he sees all the degradation which men of property have inflicted on him, and on his class, he should cry out for getting rid of that influence altogether. "Let us have manhood suffrage," he exclaims; "no other will serve our turn."

I wish the professional men to tell him that no other *will* serve his turn or their turn either. To get *that*—to get all the manhood we can into our constituencies, and into our representatives—this must be our common object. And I am not playing with phrases in a double sense. I am not meaning one thing by the words while he means another. He means what I mean. He finds his present position an unmanly one, and he wishes to be put in the way of making it more manly. He wishes to feel that he has a distinct place in the commonwealth, and that no power of purse or of numbers deprives him of that place. *They* traffic with words in a double sense—they cheat him with fictions in place of realities—who would persuade him that a mere large numerical addition to the constituency, unaccompanied with other provisions, will give him more of a distinct position than he has already; will, in any degree whatever, emancipate him from the influences of property, or prevent that influence from being exerted in the most odious way—to the damaging of his dignity as a man. Let there be three 000's following a 1; you call that a thousand votes; let there be six 000,000's following a 1; you call that a million votes. But this is not manhood suffrage. Let 1 be a large proprietor, they are *his* votes. Let 1 be a priest, they are *his* votes. The agitator, perhaps, cries, "Oh, no! they will be mine." Yes, till the next agitator comes. But there will be no manhood in any one of these cases.

That our old constitution did aim, by such means as it had, at finding the manhood, the names by which the voters for our counties and towns were of old designated sufficiently proves. The one was a holder of land; true; but a *free* holder; one who had given

pledges that he was able to emancipate that holding of his from territorial dominion. The other was emphatically a *free man*; one that had given pledges, by passing through an apprenticeship, and by entering into some local community, of which he was a *bond fide* member, that he had a capacity for obedience and for fellowship. The tests have become utterly obsolete; have the principles which are implied in the tests become obsolete also? I think not; I think the great question must still be, Who are the freeholders? who are the freemen? Let *them* choose our representatives; all others will be slavish themselves, and will be likely to choose those who will make them more slavish.

If professional men and literary men, instead of treating this subject as one with which they have no concern, or which only offers them an excuse for writing clever articles against the different political schools, would honestly apply their faculties to the consideration of these questions, I believe they would be led to a result which might be most beneficial to them, to the working classes, and to the whole country. I do not mean that they should make an effort to procure a distinct position for themselves in the constituency. That proposal was made two or three years ago, and was embodied in a memorial to Lord Palmerston, which received the signatures of some eminent men. They did not, I believe, hold any common deliberation; even friends who put down their names to the document, did not talk with one another about their reasons for doing it. It contained, therefore, a number of independent opinions; but there was not that comparison and weighing of evidence which ought to have preceded the suggestion of a course of action. As a witness against a constituency which should owe all its force either to its numbers or to its possessions, the memorial had a real importance. Few, I think, would have pledged themselves then, fewer still would pledge themselves now, to the details of the plan which it recommended. Perhaps it was better to

show that *some* plan had been thought of; its very deficiencies were sure to provoke criticism and inquiry. If the *earlier* criticisms rather strengthened the memorialists in their scheme—if they were not quite persuaded that literary and professional men do not want to be more interested in the business of the country, by being told that they were likely to talk of triremes when they should talk of gunboats—there have been later comments of immense value, comments neither scornful nor merely negative, but proceeding from earnest and most able thinkers, who believe that the demands of professional men for an increased number of independent and intelligent voters, and of working men for their own admission, in the fullest and largest sense, into the commonwealth, may be entirely met—and reconciled.

Mr. Mill's "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform"¹ have been for more than a year before the public. But no work of his can become out of date in one year or in twenty years; this one has, I believe, gained a vast additional worth by the experience of the twelve months since it was brought forth. He has now published a new edition of it, which contains a Supplement worthy of the pamphlet and worthy of the author. In it he expresses, with characteristic modesty and generosity, the enlargement, and in some particulars the change, which has been made in his views by reading the "Treatise on the Election of Representatives, Parliamentary and Municipal," by Thomas Hare, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.² The following remarks introduce Mr. Mill's notice of that work:—

"Though Mr. Hare has delivered an opinion—and generally, in our judgment, a wise one—on nearly all the questions at present in issue connected with representative government; the originality of his plan, as well as most of the effects to be expected from it, turn on the development which he has given to what is commonly called the Representation of Minorities. He has raised this principle to an importance and dignity which no previous thinker had ascribed to it.

As conceived by him, it should be called the real, instead of nominal, representation of every individual elector.

"That minorities in the nation *ought* in principle, if it be possible, to be represented by corresponding minorities in the legislative assembly, is a necessary consequence from all premises on which any representation at all can be defended. In a deliberative assembly the minority must perforce give way, because the decision must be either *ay* or *no*; but it is not so in choosing those who are to form the deliberative body: *that* ought to be the express image of the wishes of the nation, whether divided or unanimous, in the designation of those by whose united counsels it will be ruled; and any section of opinion which is unanimous within itself, ought to be able, in due proportion to the rest, to contribute its elements towards the collective deliberation. At present, if three-fifths of the electors vote for one person and two-fifths for another, every individual of the two-fifths is, for the purposes of that election, as if he did not exist: his intelligence, his preference, have gone for nothing in the composition of the Parliament. Whatever was the object designed by the Constitution in giving him a vote, that object, at least on the present occasion, has not been fulfilled; and if he can be reconciled to his position, it must be by the consideration that some other time he may be one of a majority, and another set of persons instead of himself may be reduced to cyphers: just as, before a regular government had been established, a man might have consoled himself for being robbed, by the hope that another time he might be able to rob some one else. But this compensation, however gratifying, will be of no avail to him if he is everywhere overmatched, and the same may be said of the elector who is habitually outvoted.

"Of late years several modes have been suggested of giving an effective voice to a minority; by limiting each elector to fewer votes than the number of members to be elected, or allowing him to concentrate all his votes on the same candidate. These various schemes are praiseworthy so far as they go, but they attain the object very imperfectly. * * *

"Mr. Hare offers an outlet from this difficulty. The object being that the suffrages of those who are in a minority locally, should tell in proportion to their number on the composition of the Parliament; since this is *all* that is required, why should it be imperative that their votes should be received only for some one who is a *local* candidate? Why might they not give their suffrage to any one who is a candidate anywhere, their number of votes being added to those which he may obtain elsewhere? Suppose that a comparison between the number of members of the House and of registered electors in the kingdom, gives a quotient of 2,000 as the number of electors per member, on an average of the whole country (which, according to Mr. Hare's

¹ J. W. Parker, West Strand.

² Longman, Brown, Green, Longman and Roberts, 1859.

calculation, is not far from the fact, if the existing electoral body is supposed to be augmented by 200,000: why should not any candidate, who can obtain 2,000 suffrages in the whole kingdom, be returned to Parliament? By the supposition, 2,000 persons are sufficient to return a member, and there are 2,000 who unanimously desire to have him for their representative. Their claim to be represented surely does not depend on their all residing in the same place. Since one member can be given to every 2,000, the most just mode of arrangement and distribution must evidently be, to give the member to 2,000 electors who have voted for him, rather than to 2,000 some of whom have voted against him. We should then be assured that every member of the House has been wished for by 2,000 of the electoral body; while in the other case, even if all the electors have voted, he may possibly have been wished for by no more than a thousand and one.

"This arrangement provides for all the difficulties involved in representation of minorities. The smallest minority obtains an influence proportioned to its numbers; the largest obtains no more. The representation becomes, what under no other system it can be, really equal. Every member of Parliament is the representative of an unanimous constituency. No one is represented, or rather misrepresented, by a member whom he has voted against. Every elector in the kingdom is represented by the candidate he most prefers, if as many persons in the whole extent of the country are found to agree with him, as come up to the number entitled to a representative."—*Thoughts*, pp. 41—44.

I have made this long extract because my first knowledge of Mr. Hare's work was derived from Mr. Mill's supplement, and because nothing I can say of it can possibly induce my readers to study it, if such an account of it coming from such an authority does not. That it will reward those who give their minds to it, for other reasons than those which Mr. Mill has mentioned, I think I can promise. I have read no book for a long time which combines so much nobleness of thought, and so much general philosophy with a devotion to details, and the acuteness of a practised lawyer. It is delightful to find one who proposes so wide a representative reform sustaining himself by the weighty words of Burke, the enemy throughout his life of changes in the representation; and these

words taken from the strongest of all his later writings, the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs." It is scarcely less satisfactory to find the American statesman, Mr. Calhoun, adduced as the able protester against the tyranny of mere majorities. Mr. Hare is an excellent specimen of that zeal for the moral as superior to the material interests of the community, which I have demanded of professional and literary men. He has given a proof, not only to lawyers, but perhaps still more to clergymen, how possible it is to combine the most energetic desire for reform with the truest Conservatism. None need accept his solution of the puzzle; but he has proved that the most difficult problems need not be abandoned as desperate. Since we may reasonably conclude that the Reform Bill of 1860 is now practically dead, I do hope and trust that instead of merely singing requiems or songs of triumph over it, instead of making its failure an excuse for party recrimination or class jealousies, or for the indolent conclusion that what has not been done cannot be done, wise men will exert themselves to devise some measure which shall meet the necessities of this time, because it is in accordance with principles that belong to all times; which shall not satisfy the lust of political power in any class, because it will satisfy the honest craving for a national position in all.¹

¹ To utter the phrase, "The Suffrage is not a privilege so much as an obligation" is easy; to awaken the sense of obligation in our own minds or in the minds of working men is the difficulty. Mr. Hare's scheme would remove one chief hindrance to the efforts of those who try to awaken it. It would give the suffrage another than a market value. Those pseudo-spiritualists, who say that no moral change can be effected by a mere change of machinery, should ask themselves whether the Reform Bill of 1832 effected no moral change by reducing the days of polling. Mr. Mill has replied to the charge against his proposals that they were complicated. The Bill in which they are embodied is simpler, he maintains, than that which it would repeal.

FOUR SONNETS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER.

SPRING.

LATE in the month a rude East Wind came down,
 A roaring wind, which for a time had sway ;
 But other powers possess'd the night and day,
 And soon he found he could not hold his own.
 The merry ruddock whistled at his heart,
 And strenuous blackbirds pierc'd his flanks with song ;
 Pert sparrows wrangled o'er his every part,
 And through him shot the larks on pinions strong ;
 Anon, a sunbeam brake across the plain,
 And the wild bee went forth on booming wing ;
 Whereat he feeble wax'd, but rose again
 With aimless rage, and idle blustering :
 The south wind touch'd him with a drift of rain,
 And down he sank—a captive to the Spring !

A THOUGHT FOR MARCH, 1860.

Yon blackbird's merry heart the rushing wind
 Quells not, nor disconcerts his golden tongue,
 That breaks my morning dream with well-known song.
 Full many a breezy March I've left behind,
 Whose gales, all spirited with notes and trills,
 Blew over peaceful England ; and, ere long,
 Another March will come these hills among,
 To clash the lattices, and whirl the mills ;
 But what shall be ere then ? Ambition's lust
 Is broad awake, and, gazing from a throne
 But newly-set, counts half the world his own ;—
 All ancient covenants aside are thrust—
 Old land-marks are like scratches in the dust—
 His eagles wave their wings and they are gone !

SUNRISE

As on my bed at morn I mus'd and pray'd,
 I saw my lattice figur'd on the wall,
 The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
 A sunny phantom interlac'd with shade ;
 "Thanks be to heaven !" in happy mood I said ;
 "What sweeter aid my matins could befall
 "Than this fair glory from the east hath made ?
 "What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
 "To make us feel and see ! We are not free
 "To say we see not, for the glory comes
 "Nightly and daily like the flowing sea ;
 "His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms,
 "And, at prime hour, behold, He follows me
 "With golden shadows to my secret rooms !"

RESURRECTION.

THOUGH Death met Love upon thy dying smile,
 And stay'd him there for hours, yet the orbs of sight
 So speedily resign'd their azure light,
 That Christian hope fell earthward for a while,
 Appall'd by dissolution. But on high
 A record lives of thine identity ;—
 Thou shalt not lose one charm of lip or eye ;
 The hues and liquid lights shall wait for thee,
 And the fair tissues, wheresoe'er they be !
 Daughter of Heaven ! our stricken hearts repose
 On the dear thought that we once more shall see
 Thy beauty—like Himself our Master rose :
 Then shall that beauty its old rights maintain,
 And thy sweet spirit own those eyes again.

GRASSBY VICARAGE,

May 12th.

SHELLEY IN PALL MALL.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

A COPY of "Stockdale's Budget," containing the letters by Shelley now republished, was purchased by the British Museum in 1859, and came under my notice in the autumn of that year. Struck by the interesting nature of this correspondence, and especially by the discovery of an early work by Shelley, previously unknown to all his biographers, I lost no time in communicating the circumstance to his family, whose acquaintance it was already my privilege to possess. It was at first hoped that these letters might have appeared in the second edition of the "Shelley Memorials," but it was found that the printing of that work was already too far advanced to allow of their being inserted in their proper place. They were accordingly reserved for the third edition; but the prospect of this being required appearing as yet somewhat remote, it has been finally determined to publish them in a separate form. I have accordingly copied them from the obscure periodical in which they originally appeared, and added such explanations as seemed needful to render the connexion of the whole intelligible.

Much has been written about Shelley during the last three or four years, and the store of materials for his biography has been augmented by many particulars, some authentic and valuable, others trivial or mythical, or founded on mistakes or misrepresentations. It does not strictly fall within the scope of this paper to notice any of these, but some of the latter class are calculated to modify so injuriously what has hitherto been the prevalent estimate of Shelley's character, and, while entirely unfounded, are yet open to correction from the better knowledge of so few, that it would be inexcusable to omit an opportunity of comment which only chance has presented, and which may not speedily recur. It will be readily per-

ceived that the allusion is to the statements respecting Shelley's separation from his first wife, published by Mr. T. L. Peacock in *Fraser's Magazine* for January last. According to these, the transaction was not preceded by long-continued unhappiness, neither was it an amicable agreement effected in virtue of a mutual understanding. The time cannot be distant when these assertions must be refuted by the publication of documents hitherto withheld, and Shelley's family have doubted whether it be worth while to anticipate it. Pending their decision, I may be allowed to state most explicitly that the evidence to which they would in such a case appeal, and to the nature of which I feel fully competent to speak, most decidedly contradicts the allegations of Mr. Peacock.

So extensive is the miscellaneous bibliographic and literary lore lying safely hidden away in unsuspected quarters, that a line of inquiry in *Notes and Queries* would almost certainly elicit some one able to tell us all about the ancient publishing-house of the Stockdales, father and son—to inform us when they commenced business, and where and what were the principal books they published, and in what years, and how these speculations respectively turned out—and so trace the Pall Mall chameleon through all its changes from original whiteness to the undeniable sable of the publication we are about to notice.

It is even possible that a moderate amount of laudable industry might have enabled us to do all this ourselves, and thus to present the grateful or ungrateful reader with a complete bibliopolic monography. Feeling, however, for our own parts, a very decided distaste to the minute investigation of unimportant matters, and interested in John Joseph Stockdale as far as, and no further than,

he was concerned in the affairs of Percy Bysshe Shelley, we have chosen to assume that the reader's feelings are the same, and that he will be content with knowing just as much about the publisher as is absolutely necessary to explain his connexion with the poet, and the circumstances under which he came to print the notes written to him by the latter. During, then, the last twenty years of the eighteenth and the first twenty of the nineteenth century, the Stockdales' publishing-house (located for part of the time in Pall Mall, and part, if we mistake not, in Piccadilly) was resorted to by novelists, poets, and more particularly dramatists. It was the chief, almost the sole orthodox and accredited medium for perpetuating the transient applause which the play-going public vouchsafes to the dramatist. It purveyed the patrons of circulating libraries with a mental diet as light as India-rubber, and no less wholesome and digestible; and facilitated the ambition of all young poets willing to be immortalised at their own costs and charges. As universally known, the author of the "Cenci" never had a chance of immortality on easier terms; the conditions on which "Paradise Lost" was disposed of were princely compared to any which any publisher ever thought of tendering to him; and as his first aspirations after literary renown began to stir within him in the younger Stockdale's palmy days, and lay altogether within the scope of the latter's publishing business, it might almost have been predicted that these two most dissimilar men would not pass away without some slight contact or mutual influence. In fact, Shelley's second novel bears the name of Stockdale as the publisher; and the singular discovery of a portion of the business correspondence that passed between the two respecting this publication now enables us not merely to write the history of the connexion, which might probably be acceptable to none but a thorough-going hero-worshipper, but perhaps to throw some light on the feelings which possessed, and the influences which contributed to mould one

of the most original of human spirits, at the most momentous, if not the most eventful period of its earthly existence.

It has already been stated that this correspondence originally appeared in "Stockdale's Budget;" it now remains to be explained what Stockdale's Budget was. It was a periodical, issued in 1827; a sort of appendix to the more celebrated "Memoirs of Harriet Wilson," published by Stockdale some years previously, and well known to the amateurs of disreputable literature. The present writer has never seen this work, and for actual purposes it will be quite sufficient to state that it proved the source of infinite trouble to the unlucky publisher, not on account of its immorality, which seems to have been unquestionable, but from its attacks on private character. Owing to these, Stockdale became the object of a succession of legal proceedings, which speedily exhausted his purse, while his business vanished, and left not a wreck behind. Such a result could have surprised no man of ordinary understanding, but the united tongues of men and of angels would fail in conveying any adequate notion of the publisher's stolidity and obtuseness. He really considered himself an injured man, and the "Budget" was established as the means of impressing the same idea on others. Stockdale's method of ratiocination was certainly somewhat peculiar. Peers, he argued, do not always live happily with their wives. There is a baronet in custody in the midland counties, charged with assault; have they not just taken the Hon. Wellesley Pole's children from him? and what can be more shocking than that abduction case of the Wakefields? *Argal*, I, Stockdale, was quite justified in publishing those disagreeable particulars about Mr. —, and the seizure of my furniture in consequence was an act of worse than Russian oppression.

In strict conformity with the principles of the Baconian philosophy, this conclusion was based on a wide induction, derived from all the instances of aristocratic frailty on which the publisher could possibly lay his hands,

accompanied by appropriate comments, and, when the supply failed to meet the demand, eked out by a compilation from the ordinary reports of the police courts. It cannot be said that there is anything positively immoral or libellous in the publication, but a duller or more uninviting accumulation of garbage it has never been our lot to see, and the only circumstance which could tempt any one to examine it, is the fact that Stockdale, searching among his MS. stores for letters from public characters, calculated to lend interest to his publication, stumbled on the notes, or rather some of them, addressed to him by Shelley during their brief business connexion. These he proceeded to publish, accompanied by a highly characteristic commentary, from which some particulars of real interest may be gleaned. The style of these letters sufficiently attests their genuineness; nor can we peruse Stockdale's acknowledged compositions without perceiving that the writer was in every sense incapable of a forgery, even if, in 1827, it had been worth any one's while to vilify the poet in a periodical.

Shelley's first introduction to Stockdale was verbal, and occurred under singularly characteristic circumstances. In the autumn of 1810 he presented himself at the publisher's place of business, and requested his aid in extricating him from a dilemma in which he had involved himself by commissioning a printer at Horsham to strike off fourteen hundred and eighty copies of a volume of poems, without having the wherewithal to discharge his account. He could hardly have expected Stockdale to do it for him, and the latter's silence is conclusive testimony that he contributed no pecuniary assistance, liberal as he doubtless was with good advice. By some means, however, the mute inglorious Aldus of Horsham was appeased, and the copies of the work transferred to Stockdale, who proceeded to advertise them, and take the other usual steps to promote their sale. An advertisement of "Original Poetry, by Victor and Cazire," will be found in

the *Morning Chronicle* of September 18, 1810, and the assumed duality of authorship was not, like the particular names employed, fictitious. The poems were principally—Shelley thought entirely—the production of himself and a friend, and it becomes a matter of no small interest to ascertain who this friend was. It was not Mr. Hogg, whose acquaintance Shelley had not yet made, nor Captain Medwin, or the circumstance would have been long since made public.

A more likely coadjutor would be Harriet Grove, Shelley's cousin, and the object of his first attachment, who is said to have aided him in the composition of his first romance, "Zastrozzi." Indeed, "Cazire" seems to be intended for a female name; perhaps it was adopted from some novel. However this may be, the little book had evidently been ushered into the world under an unlucky star; few and evil were its days. It had hardly been published a week when Stockdale, inspecting it with more attention than he had previously had leisure to bestow, recognised one of the pieces as an old acquaintance in the pages of M. G. Lewis, author of "The Monk." It was but too clear that Shelley's colleague, doubtless under the compulsion of the poet's impetuous solicitations for more verses, had appropriated whatever came first to hand, with slight respect for pedantic considerations of *meum* and *tuum*. Stockdale lost no time in communicating his discovery to his employer, whose mortification may be imagined, and his directions for the instant suppression of the edition anticipated. By this time, however, nearly a hundred copies had been put into circulation, so that we will not altogether resign the hope of yet recovering this interesting volume, hitherto totally unknown to, or at least unnoticed by all Shelley's biographers. Only one of the letters relating to it remains;¹ with the exception of the childish note printed

¹ We have not scrupled to occasionally correct an obvious clerical error in these letters, generally the result of haste, sometimes of a misprint.

by Medwin, the earliest letter of Shelley that has been preserved:—

"FIELD PLACE, September 6th, 1810.

"SIR,—I have to return you my thankful acknowledgments for the receipt of the books, which arrived as soon as I had any reason to expect: the superfluity shall be balanced as soon as I pay for some books which I shall trouble you to bind for me.

"I enclose you the title-page of the Poems, which, as you see, you have mistaken on account of the illegibility of my handwriting. I have had the last proof impression from the printer this morning, and I suppose the execution of the work will not be long delayed. As soon as it possibly can, it shall reach you, and believe me, sir, grateful for the interest you take in it.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"PERCY B. SHELLEY."

Shelley soon forgot the mishaps of Victor and his Caire, in fresh literary projects. He had already placed the MS. of "St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian," in Stockdale's hands, and on September 28th he offered him the copyright of his schoolboy epic, written in conjunction with Captain Medwin, "The Wandering Jew":—

"FIELD PLACE, September 28th, 1810.

"SIR,—I sent, before I had the pleasure of knowing you, the MS. of a poem to Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh; they declined publishing it, with the enclosed letter. I now offer it to you, and depend upon your honour as a gentleman for a fair price for the copyright. It will be sent to you from Edinburgh. The subject is, 'The Wandering Jew.' As to its containing atheistical principles, I assure you I was wholly unaware of the fact hinted at. Your good sense will point out to you the impossibility of inculcating pernicious doctrines in a poem which, as you will see, is so totally abstract from any cir-

cumstances which occur under the possible view of mankind.

"I am, sir,

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"PERCY B. SHELLEY."

The enclosure—a curiosity—is as follows:—

"EDINBURGH, September 24th, 1810.

"SIR,—The delay which occurred in our reply to you respecting the poem you have obligingly offered us for publication, has arisen from our literary friends and advisers (at least such as we have confidence in) being in the country at this season, as is usual, and the time they have bestowed in its perusal.

"We are extremely sorry, at length, after the most mature deliberation, to be under the necessity of declining the honour of being the publishers of the present poem;—not that we doubt its success, but that it is, perhaps, better suited to the character and liberal feelings of the English, than the bigoted spirit which yet pervades many cultivated minds in this country. Even Walter Scott is assailed on all hands at present by our Scotch spiritual and Evangelical magazines and instructors, for having promulgated atheistical doctrines in the 'Lady of the Lake.'

"We beg you will have the goodness to advise us how it should be returned, and we think its being consigned to the care of some person in London would be more likely to ensure its safety than addressing it to Horsham.

"We are, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servants,

"JOHN BALLANTYNE & Co."

Now, had Shelley told any of his friends that the "Lady of the Lake" had been assailed in Scotland on the ground of atheism, and professed to have derived his information from the Ballantynes, the circumstance would ere this have made its appearance in print as a proof of his irresistible tendency to "hallucinations," and his "inability to relate anything exactly as it happened." Here, however, we see that he would not have spoken without au-

thority. It is, of course, quite possible that the Ballantynes may themselves have been mystified or mystificators—otherwise it would appear that it had, in that fortunate age, been vouchsafed to certain Scotch clergymen to attain the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity—

“Topmost stars of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane”—

or insane, whichever may be the correct reading. It is needless to add that the “Wandering Jew” is quite guiltless of atheism, or any “ism” but an occasional solecism. Whatever precautions may have been taken to ensure the safety of the MS., they failed to bring it into Stockdale’s hands. He never received it, and it seems to have remained peaceably at Edinburgh till its discovery in 1831, when a portion of it appeared in *Fraser’s Magazine*, and has since been reprinted in one of the many unauthorised editions of Shelley’s works. According to Captain Medwin, indeed, Shelley left it at his lodgings in Edinburgh in 1811. But the Captain evidently knew nothing of the negotiation with the Ballantynes, which affords a much more plausible explanation of the discovery of the MS. in the Scotch metropolis. He adds, indeed, that the young authors were induced to lay aside all thoughts of publication by the adverse judgment of Campbell, who returned the MS. submitted for his inspection with the remark that there were only two good lines in the whole, naming a pair of exceedingly commonplace ones. Whatever the effect on his coadjutor, it is now clear that Shelley was not to be daunted by the condemnation even of a poet he admired, though, doubtless, he would have himself admitted in after life that the quest after tolerable lines in the “Wandering Jew” might scarcely be more hopeful than that undertaken of old after righteous men in the Cities of the Plain.

Poetry like Shelley’s is not to be produced except under the immediate impulse of lively emotion, or without a long preliminary epoch of mental excite-

ment and fermentation. The ordinary interchange of sunshine and shower suffices for the production of mustard, cress, and such-like useful vegetables; but Nature must have been disturbed to her centre ere there can be a Stromboli for Byron to moor his bark by for a long summer’s night, and meditate a new canto of “Childe Harold.” Shelley’s mind was never in a more excited condition than during the autumn of 1810, and, at that time, like Donna Inez, “his favourite science was the metaphysical”—he reasoned of matters abstruse and difficult, “of fate, free-will, “foreknowledge absolute,” of

“Names, deeds, grey legends, dire
events, rebellions,
Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
Creations and destroyings.”

No other mental process could have equally developed the unparalleled glories of his verse. The enchanted readers of “Prometheus Unbound” and “Hellas” must admit that if Kant and Berkeley had not much poetry in themselves, they were at all events the cause of transcendent poetry in others. But for his own ease and comfort it would certainly have been better if he could have agreed with Goethe that

“Ein Mensch, der spekulirt,
Ist wie ein Thier, auf dürrer Haide
Von einem bösen Geist im Kreis
herum geführt,
Und rings herum ist schöne, grüne
Weide.”

On November 12th he wrote to Stockdale:—

“OXFORD, Sunday.

“SIR,—I wish you to obtain for me a book which answers to the following description. It is a Hebrew essay, demonstrating that the Christian religion is false, and is mentioned in one of the numbers of the *Christian Observer*, last spring, by a clergyman, as an unanswerable, yet sophistical argument. If it is translated in Greek, Latin, or

any of the European languages, I would thank you to send it to me.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY."

We have searched the *Observer* in vain for the notice referred to. The letter, according to Stockdale, "satisfied me that he was in a situation of impending danger, from which the most friendly and cautious prudence alone could withdraw him." We shall see in due course what line of conduct the worthy bookseller considered answerable to this definition. Two days later Shelley wrote:—

"UNIVERSITY COLL. Nov. 14th, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—I return you the Romance [St. Irvyne] by this day's coach. I am much obligated¹ by the trouble you have taken to fit it for the press. I am myself by no means a good hand at correction, but I think I have obviated the principal objections which you allege.

"Ginotti, as you will see, did not die by Wolfstein's hand, but by the influence of that natural magic which, when the secret was imparted to the latter, destroyed him. Mountfort being a character of inferior interest, I did not think it necessary to state the catastrophe of him, as it could at best be but uninteresting. Eloise and Fitzzeustace are married, and happy, I suppose, and Megalena dies by the same means as Wolfstein. I do not myself see any other explanation that is required. As to the method of publishing it, I think, as it is a thing which almost *mechanically* sells to circulating libraries, &c., I would wish it to be published on my own account.

"I am surprised that you have not received the 'Wandering Jew,' and in consequence write to Mr. Ballantyne to mention it; you will doubtless, therefore, receive it soon.—Should you still perceive in the romance any error of flagrant incoherency, &c. it must be altered, but I should conceive it will

¹ Not a vulgarity in Shelley's day, any more than "ruinated." Both may be found in good writers of the 18th century.

(being wholly so abrupt) not require it.

"I am
"Your sincere humble servant,
"PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"Shall you make this in one or two volumes? Mr. Robinson, of Paternoster Row, published 'Zastrozzi.'"

Certainly the faults of "St. Irvyne" were of the kind best amended by *una litura*. Nevertheless, it is as much better than "Zastrozzi" as one very bad book can be better than another. "Zastrozzi" is an absolute chaos; in "St. Irvyne" there is at least the trace of an effort after organisation and inner harmony. Shelley's whole literary career was, viewed in one of its aspects, a constant struggle after the symmetry and command of material which denote the artist. The exquisiteness of his later productions shows that at last he had little to learn, and worthless as "St. Irvyne" is in itself, it becomes of high interest when regarded as the first feeble step of a mighty genius on the road to consummate excellence. Considered by themselves, "Zastrozzi" and "St. Irvyne" will appear the sort of production which clever boys often indite, and from which it is impossible to arrive at any sound conclusion as to the future eminence or obscurity of the writer. Their incoherency is an attribute which should not, their prolific imagination one which often cannot, survive the period of extreme youth.

On November 20th, Shelley wrote thus:—

"UNI. COLL. Monday.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I did not think it possible that the romance would make but one small volume. It will at all events be larger than 'Zastrozzi.' What I mean as 'Rosicrucian' is, the elixir of eternal life which Ginotti had obtained. Mr. Godwin's romance of 'St. Leon' turns upon that superstition. I enveloped it in mystery for the greater excitement of interest, and, on a re-examination, you will perceive that Mountfort did physically kill Ginotti,

which will appear from the latter's paleness.

"Will you have the goodness to send me Mr. Godwin's 'Political Justice'?"

"When do you suppose 'St. Irvyne' will be out? If you have not yet got the 'Wandering Jew' from Mr. B., I will send you a MS. copy which I possess.

"Yours sincerely,
"P. B. SHELLEY."

It appears from the next note that this copy was sent, but it miscarried:—

"OXFORD, December 2d, 1810.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you, if you have got two copies of the 'Wandering Jew,' send one of them to me, as I have thought of some corrections which I wish to make? Your opinion on it will likewise much oblige me.

"When do you suppose that Southey's 'Curse of Kehama' will come out? I am curious to see it, and when does 'St. Irvyne' come out?

"I shall be in London the middle of this month, when I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you.

"Yours sincerely,
"P. B. SHELLEY."

"F[IELD] P[LACE].
December 18th, 1810.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I saw your advertisement of the Romance, and approve of it highly; it is likely to excite curiosity. I would thank you to send copies directed as follows:—

Miss Marshall, Horsham, Sussex.

T. Medwin, Esq., Horsham, Sussex.

T. J. Hogg, Esq., Rev. — Dayrell's,

Lynnington Dayrell, Buckingham, and six copies to myself. In case the 'Curse of Kehama'¹ has yet appeared, I would thank you for that likewise. I have in preparation a novel; it is principally constructed to convey metaphysical and political opinions by way

¹ It thus appears that "Kehama" cannot have been the poem with the MS. of which Southey is related to have read Shelley to sleep. To us, the whole anecdote seems to come in a very questionable shape.

of conversation. It shall be sent to you as soon as completed, but it shall receive more correction than I trouble myself to give to wild romance and poetry.

"Mr. Munday, of Oxford, will take some romances; I do not know whether he sends directly to you, or through the medium of another bookseller. I will enclose the printer's account for your inspection in another letter.

"Dear sir,
"Yours sincerely,
"P. B. SHELLEY."

Up to this date, then, Scythrop had only found three of the seven gold candlesticks. Mr. Hogg and Captain Medwin, as is well known, continued burning and shining lights; Miss Marshall, of whom we now hear for the first time, would appear to have been speedily extinguished. Speedy extinction, too, was the fate of the MS. novel, of which the above is the first and last mention.

Sir (then Mr.) Timothy Shelley, the poet's uncongenial father, now appears upon the scene. At the date of the next letter, he had already several times called at Stockdale's shop in the company of his son, and thus afforded the publisher an opportunity of contributing the result of his own observation to the universal testimony respecting the dispositions of the two, and the relation in which they stood to each other. Percy Shelley captivated all hearts; the roughest were subdued by his sweetness, the most reserved won by his affectionate candour. No man ever made more strange or unsympathetic friends, and they who may seem to have dealt most hardly with his memory since his death are chiefly the well-meaning people whose error it has been to mistake an accidental intimacy with a remarkable character for the power of appreciating it. Among these, Stockdale cannot be refused a place, for it would be unjust not to recognise, amid all his pomposity and blundering, traces of a sincere affection for the young author whose acquaintance was certainly anything but advantageous to him in a pecuniary point of view.

An equal unanimity of sentiment prevails respecting Sir Timothy; he undoubtedly meant well, but had scarcely a single prominent trait of character which would not of itself have unfitted him to be the father of such a son. Stockdale had frequent opportunities of observing the uneasy terms on which the two stood towards each other, and unhesitatingly throws the entire blame upon the father, whom he represents as narrow-minded and wrong-headed, behaving with extreme niggardliness in money matters, and at the same time continually fretting Shelley by harsh and unnecessary interference with his most indifferent actions. According to the bookseller, he ineffectually tried his best at once to dispose Sir Timothy to a more judicious line of conduct, and to put him on his guard against his son's speculative rashness. The following note is probably in answer to some communication of this character.

"FIELD PLACE, 23d December, 1810.

"SIR,—I take the earliest opportunity of expressing to you my best thanks for the very liberal and handsome manner in which you imparted to me the sentiments you hold towards my son, and the open and friendly communication.

"I shall ever esteem it, and hold it in remembrance. I will take an opportunity of calling on you again, when the call at St. Stephen's Chapel enforces my attendance by a call of the House.

"My son begs to make his compliments to you.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your very obedient humble servant,
"T. SHELLEY."

On January 11th, 1811, Shelley wrote as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—I would thank you to send a copy of 'St. Irvyne' to Miss Harriet Westbrook, 10, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square. In the course of a fortnight I shall do myself the pleasure of calling on you. With respect to the printer's bill, I made him explain the

distinctions of the costs, which I hope are intelligible.

"Do you find that the public are captivated by the title-page of 'St. Irvyne'?"

"Your sincere
"P. B. SHELLEY."

This is interesting, in so far as it assists us in determining the date of Shelley's first acquaintance with Harriet Westbrook. Had he known her on December 18th, he would probably have included her among those to whom he on that day desired that copies of his novel should be sent. It may then be inferred with confidence, that he first became interested in her between December 18th, and January 11th, and as there appears no trace of his having visited town during that period, his knowledge of her, when he wrote the second of these letters, was most likely merely derived from the accounts of his sisters, her schoolfellows. This accords with the assertion, made in an interesting but unpublished document in the writer's possession, that he first saw her in January, 1811. Whenever this and similar MSS. are made public, it will for the first time be clearly understood how slight was the acquaintance of Shelley with Harriet, previous to their marriage; what advantage was taken of his chivalry of sentiment, and her compliant disposition, and the inexperience of both; and how little entitled or disposed she felt herself to complain of his behaviour.

This was the last friendly communication between Shelley and his publisher. Three days later we find him writing thus to his friend Hogg (Hogg's "Life of Shelley," vol. I. p. 171):—

"S— [Stockdale] has behaved infamously to me: he has abused the confidence I reposed in him in sending him my work; and he has made very free with your character, of which he knows nothing, with my father. I shall call on S— on my way [to Oxford], that he may explain."

The work alluded to was either the unlucky pamphlet which occasioned Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, or something of a very similar description. After

Mr. Hogg's account of it, it is sufficiently clear that this alarming performance was nothing else than a squib, prompted perhaps by the decided success of the burlesque verses the friends had published in the name of "My Aunt Margaret Nicholson;" at all events a natural corollary from Shelley's inconvenient habit of writing interminable letters to everybody about everything. Of course Stockdale declined to print it himself, and we can readily believe that he employed his best efforts to dissuade Shelley from having it printed by another. There the matter might have rested, but, unluckily, in spite of Shelley's anticipations, the public had *not* been captivated by the title-page or any other portion of "St. Irvyne," and the bookseller was beginning to feel uneasy about his bill. Shelley was a minor, dependent on a father persuaded that short allowances make good sons, and who, on the subject being delicately mooted to him, had less mildly than firmly declared his determination not to pay one single farthing. In this strait, Stockdale seems to have argued that he should best earn his claim by rendering the Shelleys an important service, which might be accomplished by preventing the appearance of Percy's adventurous pamphlet. At the same time, it was essential that his merits should be recognised by Sir Timothy, which could not well be, if he were scrupulous in respecting his son's confidence. Yet it was equally necessary to avoid creating an irreparable breach between the two, and therefore highly desirable to find some one to whose evil communications the deterioration of Shelley's patrician manners might be plausibly ascribed. Such a scape-goat providentially presented itself in the person of Mr. Jefferson Hogg, who, happening to be in town about the beginning of 1811, had several times called upon Stockdale on Shelley's business, and at his request.

The absurdity of the insinuation he nevertheless did not scruple to make seems not to have altogether escaped the publisher himself, and must be perfectly apparent to us who have had the advantage of perusing Mr. Hogg's straightfor-

ward and unaffected account of his University acquaintance with his illustrious friend. In fact, he was then doing for Shelley what the University ought to have done, and did not. "The use of the University of Oxford," remarked an Oxonian to Mr. Bagehot, "is that no one can overread himself there. The appetite for indiscriminate knowledge is repressed. A blight is thrown over the ingenuous mind," &c. Mr. Hogg's companionship was doing the same thing for Shelley in a different way, not quelling his friend's thirst for interminable discussion by repulsion, but by satiety. The entire character of their intimacy is faithfully miniaturized in the celebrated story of the dog that tore Shelley's skirts, whereupon the exasperated poet set off to his College for a pistol. "I accompanied him," says Mr. Hogg, "but on the way took occasion to engage him in a metaphysical discussion on the nature of anger, in the course of which he condemned that passion with great vehemence, and could hardly be brought to allow that it could be justifiable in any instance." It is needless to add that the dog went unpunished; and, had the Oxford authorities possessed the slightest insight into Shelley's peculiarities of disposition, and Mr. Hogg's merits as a safety-valve, they might have preserved an illustrious modern ornament of their University. Stockdale, as we have seen, was all anxiety to frame a bill of indictment; and, his wife chancing to have relations in the part of Buckinghamshire where Mr. Hogg had been residing, he availed himself of the circumstance to make inquiries. In those days Mr. Hogg's "Life of Shelley" was not, and the world had not learned on his own authority that not only "he would not walk across Chancery Lane in the narrowest part to redress all the wrongs of Ireland, past, present, and to come," but, which is even more to the purpose, that "he has always been totally ignorant respecting all the varieties of religious dissent." It was therefore easier for Mrs. Stockdale to

collect, with incredible celerity, full materials for such a representation of Shelley's honest but unspeculative friend as suited the views of her husband, who immediately transmitted the account to Sir Timothy. Sir Timothy naturally informed his son, who informed Mr. Hogg, who immediately visited the delinquent publisher with two most indignant letters, which that pachydermatous personage has very composedly reproduced in his journal exactly as they were written. Shelley does not appear to have fulfilled his intention of calling upon Stockdale in London; but, the latter's replies to Mr. Hogg proving eminently unsatisfactory, with his wonted chivalry of feeling he addressed him the following letter from Oxford:—

"OXFORD, 28th of January, 1811.

"SIR,—On my arrival at Oxford, my friend Mr. Hogg communicated to me the letters which passed in consequence of your misrepresentations of his character, the abuse of that confidence which he invariably reposed in you. I now, sir, demand to know whether you mean the evasions in your first letter to Mr. Hogg, your insulting attempted coolness in your second, as a means of escaping safely from the opprobrium naturally attached to so ungentlemanly an abuse of confidence (to say nothing of misrepresentations) as that which my father communicated to me, or as a denial of the fact of having acted in this unprecedented, this scandalous manner. If the former be your intention, I will compassionate your cowardice, and my friend, pitying your weakness, will take no further notice of your contemptible attempts at calumny. If the latter is your intention, I feel it my duty to declare, as my veracity and that of my father is thereby called in question, that I will never be satisfied, despicable as I may consider the author of that affront, until my friend has an ample apology for the injury you have attempted to do him. I expect an immediate, and demand a satisfactory letter.

"SIR, I am,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"PERCY B. SHELLEY."

On receiving this, Stockdale wrote Sir Timothy a letter, which the baronet, like Dr. Folliott, in "Crotchet Castle," appears to have considered "deficient in "the two great requisites of head and "tail:—"

"FIELD PLACE, 30th of January, 1811.

"SIR,—I am so surprised at the receipt of your letter of this morning, that I cannot comprehend the meaning of the language you use. I shall be in London next week, and will then call on you.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"T. SHELLEY."

Sir Timothy did call, and Stockdale "gave him such particulars as the "urgency of the case required. The "consequence was," he continues, with touching simplicity, "that all concerned became inimical to me."

Shelley's expulsion took place on the 25th of March. He immediately came to town, and on April 11th addressed this note to Stockdale:—

"15, POLAND STREET, OXFORD STREET.

"SIR,—Will you have the goodness to inform me of the number of copies which you have sold of 'St. Irvyne?' Circumstances may occur which will oblige me to wish for my accounts suddenly; perhaps you had better make them out.

"SIR,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"P. B. SHELLEY."

Stockdale delayed to act upon this suggestion; and, when he at length sent in his account, Shelley had quitted London. The bill, however, overtook him in Radnorshire:—

"SIR,—Your letter has at length reached me; the remoteness of my present situation must apologize for my apparent neglect. I am sorry to say, in answer to your requisition, that the state of my finances renders immediate payment perfectly impossible. It is my intention, at the earliest period in my power to do so, to discharge your ac-

count. I am aware of the imprudence of publishing a book so ill-digested as 'St. Irvyne;' but are there no expectations on the profits of its sale? My studies have, since my writing it, been of a more serious nature. I am at present engaged in completing a series of moral and metaphysical essays—perhaps their copyright would be accepted in lieu of part of my debt?

"Sir, I have the honour to be,

"Your very humble servant,

"PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"CWMELAN, RHAYADER, RADNORSHIRE,
August 1st, 1811."

The offer of "moral and metaphysical essays" from one in Shelley's circumstances could not well appear very inviting, and so the acquaintance of author and publisher ended in an unpaid bill. This account, which cannot have been a large one, soon escaped Shelley's memory, and, when better times arrived, Stockdale did nothing to remind him of it—an unaccountable oversight, unless we can suppose him ignorant of the circumstances of one whose writings and proceedings were provoking so much public comment. In spite of his disappointment, Stockdale, who really appears to have been captivated by Shelley, and to have been not more forcibly impressed by the energy of his intellect than by the loveliness of his character, emphatically expresses "My fullest assurance of his honour and rectitude, and my conviction that he would 'vegetate, rather than live, to effect the discharge of every honest claim upon him.'" In default of having given him the opportunity, he endeavours, with full success, to extract the largest possible amount of self-glorification from his subject. Had he but had his own way, "What degradation and self-abasement might have been spared to the widowed wife and fatherless orphans, who, perhaps, at last, *may be indebted to my brief memoirs* for the only ray of respect and hope which may illumine their recollections of a father when they have attained

"an age for reflection, and shed a gleam of ghastly light athwart the palpable 'obscurity of his tomb.'" It must be acknowledged that Stockdale's eloquence, like Pandemonium, is rather sublime than luminous; it must ever remain uncertain whether the "ghastly light" is supposed to be derived from the respect, or the hope, or the wife, or the orphans, or the "brief memoirs," or any two or more of these, or all five at once; and what follows about the prayer of a hope of a possibility is even more unintelligible. But those were days in which men disparaged the character and genius of Shelley as a matter of course, without the remotest idea of the ridicule and contempt they were meriting at the hands of succeeding generations. Only six years previously, a writer in the *Literary Gazette* had expressed the disappointment he had felt, in common with all right-minded people, on learning that the author of "Queen Mab" possessed neither horns, tail, hoofs, or any other outward and visible sign of the diabolical nature.¹ The progress of public opinion respecting Shelley has imitated the famous variations of the *Moniteur* on occasion of Napoleon's escape from Elba. "The tiger has broken loose, the monster has landed, the traitor is at Grenoble, the enemy at Lyons, Napoleon is at Fontainebleau, the emperor is in Paris!" Stockdale flourished in the tigrine era, when it was perfectly natural that he should terminate his articles by an invocation of "the seven other spirits, more wicked than himself."

¹ This will be thought a parable or an extravagance, and is, nevertheless, simple, serious, literal truth. There is a curious illustration of the slight recognition Shelley's writings had obtained so late as 1828, in Platen's exquisitely classical address to his friend Rumohr, whom he invites to visit him at his residence on an island in the Gulf of Spezzia, telling him that he will see, among other things, the spot

Wo der Freund

Jenes Dichters ertrank,
without the slightest allusion to Shelley's own achievements as a poet!

THE RAMSGATE LIFE-BOAT: A RESCUE¹

CHAPTER I.

A WRECK OFF MARGATE.

THE night of Sunday, the twelfth of February, in the present year, was what sailors call a very dirty night. Heavy masses of clouds skirted the horizon as the sun set; and, as the night drew on, violent gusts of wind swept along, accompanied with snow squalls. It was a dangerous time for vessels in the Channel, and it proved fatal to one at least.

Before the light broke on Monday morning, the thirteenth, the Margate lugger, *Eclipse*, put out to sea to cruise around the sands and shoals in the neighbourhood of Margate, on the look out for any disasters that might have occurred during the night. The crew soon discovered that a vessel was ashore on the Margate Sands, and directly made for her. She proved to be the Spanish brig *Samaritano*, of one hundred and seventy tons, bound from Antwerp to Santander, and laden with a valuable and miscellaneous cargo. Her crew consisted of Modeste Crispo, captain, and eleven men. It seems that during a violent squall of snow and wind the vessel was driven on the sands at about half-past five in the morning; the crew attempted to put off in the ship's boats, but in vain; the oars were broken in the attempt, and the boats stove in.

The lugger, *Eclipse*, as she was running for the brig, spoke a Whitstable smack, and borrowed two of her men and her boat. They boarded the vessel as the tide went down, and hoped to be able to get her off at high water. For this purpose six Margate boatmen and two of the Whitstable men were left on board. But, with the rising tide, the

gale came on again in all its fury, and they soon gave up all hopes of saving the vessel. They hoisted their boat on board, and all hands began to feel that it was no longer a question of saving the vessel, but of saving their own lives. The sea began to break furiously over the wreck, lifting her, and then bumping her with crushing force upon the sands. Her timbers did not long withstand this trial of their strength; a hole was soon knocked in her; she filled with water, and settled down upon the sand. The waves began now to break over the deck; the boat was speedily knocked to pieces and swept overboard; the hatches were forced up, and some of the cargo floated on deck, and was washed away. The brig began to roll fearfully as the waves one after another crashed over her; and the men, fearing that she would be forced on her broadside, cut the weather rigging of the mainmast, and it was speedily swept overboard. All hands now sought refuge in the fore-rigging. Nineteen lives had then no other hope between them and a terrible death than the few shrouds of that shaking mast. The wind swept by them with hurricane force; each wave that broke upon the vessel sprang up into columns of foam, and drenched them to the skin; the air was full of spray and sleet, which froze upon them as it fell. And thus they waited, hour after hour, and no help came, until one and all despaired of life.

In the meanwhile, news of the wreck had spread like wildfire through Margate. In spite of the gale and the blinding snow squalls, many struggled to the cliff, and with spyglasses tried to penetrate the flying scud, or to gain, through the breaks in the storm, glimpses of the wreck.

As soon as they saw the peril the crew of the brig were in, the smaller of the two Margate life-boats was manned, and made to the rescue. But all the efforts of her crew were in vain; the gale

¹ The following narrative is by one who had the best local opportunities of being accurate, and of receiving accounts of every detail of the rescue from the lips of the men who were engaged in it.

was furious, and the seas broke over and filled the boat. This her gallant crew heeded little at first, for they had every confidence in the powers of the boat to ride safely through any storm, her airtight compartments preventing her from sinking; but to their dismay they found that she was losing her buoyancy and fast becoming unmanageable; she was filling with water, which came up to the men's waists. The air-boxes had evidently filled; and they remembered, too late, that the valves with which each box is provided, in order to let out any water that may leak in, had in the excitement of starting been left unscrewed. Their boat was then no longer a life-boat, and the struggle became one for their own safety. Although then within a quarter of a mile of the brig, there was no help for it; the boat was unmanageable, and the only chance of life left to the boatmen was to run her ashore as soon as possible on the nearest part of the coast. It was doubtful whether they would be able to do even this, and it was not until after four hours' battling with the sea and gale that they succeeded in getting ashore in Westgate Bay. There the coast-guard were ready to receive them, and did their best to revive the exhausted men. As soon as it was discovered that the first life-boat had become disabled, the big life-boat (*The Friend of all Nations*) was got ready. With much trouble it was dragged round to the other side of the pier, and there launched. Away she started, her brave crew doing their utmost to battle with the gale, and work their way out to the brig; but all their efforts were in vain. The tremendous wind and sea overpowered them; the tiller gave way; and, after a hard struggle, this life-boat was driven ashore about a mile from the town.

With both their life-boats wrecked, the Margate people gave up all hopes of saving the crew of the vessel. There seemed no hope for it; they must be content to let them perish within their sight. But this should not be the case until every possible effort had been made; and two luggers, *The*

Nelson and *The Lively*, undaunted by the fate of the life-boats, put off to the rescue. The fate of one was soon settled; a fearful squall of wind caught her before she had got many hundred yards clear of the pier, and swept her foremast out of her; and her crew, in turn, had to make every possible effort to avoid being driven on the shore-rocks and wrecked. *The Lively* was more fortunate; she got to sea, but could not cross the sand, or get to the wreck. The Margate people began to despair; and, when the tidings passed among the crowd that the lieutenant of the Margate coast-guard had sent an express over to Ramsgate for the Ramsgate steamer and life-boat, it was thought impossible, on the one hand, that they could make their way round the North Foreland in the teeth of so tremendous a gale, or, on the other, that the ship could hold together, or the crew live, exposed as they were in the rigging, during the time it would of necessity take for the steamer and boat to get to them.

We now change the scene to Ramsgate.

CHAPTER II.

MAKING FOR THE WRECK.

FROM an early hour on the Monday morning, groups of boatmen had assembled on the pier at Ramsgate, occasionally joined by some of the most hardy of the townspeople, or by a stray visitor, attracted out by the wild scene that the storm presented. In the intervals between the snow squalls, they could faintly discern a vessel or two in the distance running before the gale; and they were all keenly on the look out for signals of distress, that they might put off to the rescue. But no such signal was given. Every now and then, as the wind boomed by, some landsman thought it the report of a gun from one or other of the three light-vessels which guard the dangerous Goodwin Sands; but the boatmen shook their

heads, and those who with spyglasses kept a look-out in the direction of the light-vessels confirmed them in their disbelief.

About nine o'clock, tidings came that a brig was ashore on the Woolpack Sands, off Margate. It was of course concluded that the two Margate life-boats would go to the rescue; and, although there was much anxiety and excitement as to the result of the attempt the Margate boatmen would make, no one had the least idea that the services of the Ramsgate boat would be required. Thus time passed on, until twelve o'clock, when most of the men went away to dinner, leaving a few only on watch. Shortly after twelve, the coast-guard man from Margate hastened breathless to the pier and to the harbour-master's office, saying, in answer to eager inquiries, as he hurried on, that the two Margate life-boats had been wrecked, and that the Ramsgate boat was wanted. The harbour-master immediately gave the order to man the life-boat. No sooner had the words passed his lips, than the sailors who had crowded around the door of the office in expectation of the order, rushed away to the boat. First come, first in; not a moment's hesitation, not a thought of farther clothing! The news soon spread; each boatman as he heard it made a hasty snatch at his south-wester cap and bag of waterproof overalls, and raced down to the boat; and for some time boatman after boatman was to be seen rushing down the pier, hoping to find a place still vacant for him. If the race had been to save their own lives, instead of to risk them, it could scarcely have been more hotly contested. Some of those who had won the race, and were in the boat, were ill-prepared with clothing for the hardships they would have to endure; for, if they had not their things at hand, they would not delay a moment to obtain them, fearing that the crew might be made up before they got there. These were supplied by the generosity of their friends, who had come down better prepared, although

too late for the enterprise; the cork jackets were thrown into the boat, and put on by the men. The powerful steam-tug, *Aid*, belonging to the harbour, and which has her steam up night and day ready for any emergency that may arise, got her steam to full power, and, with her brave and skilful master, Daniel Reading, in command, took the boat in tow, and made her way out of the harbour. James Hogben, who, with Reading, has been in many a wild scene of danger, commanded the life-boat. It was nearly low water at the time, but the force of the gale was such that a good deal of spray was dashing over the pier, and the snow, which was falling in blinding squalls, had drifted and eddied in every protected nook and corner, making it hard work for the excited crowd who had assembled to see the life-boat start, to battle their way through the drifts and against the wind, snow and foam, to the head of the pier. There at last they assembled, and many a heart failed as they saw the steamer and boat clear the pier and encounter the first rush of the wind and sea outside. "She seemed to go out under water," said one old fellow; "I wouldn't have gone in her for the universe;" and those who did not know the heroism that such scenes called forth in the breasts of our watermen, could not help wondering somewhat at the eagerness that had been displayed to get a place in the boat—and this although they knew that the two Margate life-boats had been already wrecked in the attempt to get the short distance which separated Margate from the wreck, while they would have to battle their way through the gale for ten or twelve miles before they could get even in sight of the vessel. It says nothing against the daring or skill of the Margate boatmen, or the efficiency of their boats that they failed. In such a gale success was almost impossible without the aid of steam. With it they would probably have succeeded; without it the Ramsgate boat would certainly have failed.

As soon as the steamer and boat got

clear of the pier they felt the full force of the storm, and it seemed almost doubtful whether they could make any progress against it. Getting out of the force of the tide as it swept round the pier, they began to move ahead, and were soon ploughing their way through a perfect sea of foam. The steamer, with engines working full power, plunged along; every wave, as it broke over her bows, flying up, sent its spray mast high, and deluged the deck with a tide of water, which, as it swept aft, gave the men on board enough to do to hold on. The life-boat was towing astern, with fifty fathom of five-inch hawser—an enormously strong rope, about the thickness of a man's wrist. Her crew already experienced the dangers and discomforts they were ready to submit to without a murmur, perhaps for many hours, in their effort to save life. It would be hard to give a description to enable one to realize their position in the boat. The use of a life-boat is, that it will live where other boats would of necessity founder; they are made for, and generally only used on, occasions of extreme danger and peril, for terrible storms and wild seas. The water flows in the boat and over it, and it still floats. Some huge rolling wave will break over it and for a moment bury it, but it rises in its buoyancy, and shakes itself free; beaten down on its broadside by the waves and wind, it rises on its keel again, and defies them to do their worst. Such was the noble boat of which we are writing. The waves that broke over her drenched and deluged, and did everything but drown, her. The men, from the moment of their clearing the pier to that of their return, were up to their knees in water. They bent forward as much as they could, each with a firm hold upon the boat. The spray and waves beat and broke upon their backs; and, although it could not penetrate their waterproof clothing, it chilled them to the bone—for, as it fell, it froze. So bitter was the cold that their very mittens were frozen to their hands. After a tremendous struggle, the steamer seemed to be making head against the

storm; they were well clear of the pier, settled to their work, and getting on gallantly. They passed through the eud channel, and had passed the black and white buoys, so well known to Ramsgate visitors, when a fearful sea came heading towards them. It met and broke over the steamer, buried her in foam, and swept along. The life-boat rose to it, and then, as she felt the strain on the rope, plunged into it stem on, and was for a moment nearly buried. The men were almost washed out of her; but at that moment the tow-rope gave way to the tremendous strain; the boat, lifted with a jerk, was flung round by the force of the wave, and for a moment seemed at the mercy of the sea which broke over her amidships. "Oars out!" was the cry as soon as the men had got their breath. They laboured and laboured to get the boat's head to the wind, but in vain; the force of the gale was too much for them, and, in spite of all their efforts, they drifted fast to the Broke Shoal, over which the sea was beating heavily; but the steamer, which throughout was handled most admirably, both as regards skill and bravery, was put round as swiftly as possible, and very cleverly brought within a yard or two to windward of the boat as she lay athwart the sea. They threw a hawling-line on board, to which was attached a bran-new hawser, and again took the boat in tow.

The tide was still flowing, and, as it rose, the wind came up in heavier and heavier gusts, bringing with it a blinding snow and sleet, which, with the foam, flew through the boat, still freezing as it fell, till the men looked, as one remarked at the time, like a body of ice. They could not look to windward for the drifting snow and heavy seas continually running over them; but not one heart failed, not one repented of winning the race to the life-boat. Off Broadstairs they suddenly felt the way of the boat stop. "The rope broken again," was the first thought of all; but, on looking round, as they were then enabled to do, the boat being no longer forced through the seas, they discovered

to their utter dismay that the steamer had stopped. They thought that her machinery had broken down, and at once despaired of saving the lives of the shipwrecked; but soon they discovered, to their joy, that the steamer had merely stopped to let out more cable, fearful lest it might break again, as they fought their way round the North Foreland. It was another hour's struggle before they reached the North Foreland. There the sea was running tremendously high. The gale was still increasing; the snow, and sleet, and spray rushed by with hurricane speed. Although it was only the early afternoon, the air was so darkened with the storm, that it seemed a dull twilight. The captain of the boat was steering; he peered out between his coat-collar and cap, but looked in vain for the steamer. He knew that she was all right, for the rope kept tight; but many times, although she was only one hundred yards ahead, he could see nothing of her. Still less able were the men on board the steamboat to see the life-boat. Often did they anxiously look astern and watch for a break in the drift and scud to see that she was all right; for, although they still felt the strain upon the rope, she might be towing along bottom up, or with every man washed out of her, for anything they could tell. Several times the fear that the life-boat was gone came over the master of the steamer. Still steamer and boat battled stoutly and successfully against the storm.

As soon as they were round the North Foreland, the snow squall cleared, and they sighted Margate, all anxiously looking for the wreck; but nothing of her was to be seen. They saw a lugger riding just clear of the pier, with foremast gone, and anchor down, to prevent her being driven ashore by the gale. They next sighted the Margate life-boat, abandoned and washed ashore, in Westgate Bay, looking a complete wreck, the waves breaking over her. A little beyond this, they caught sight of the second life-boat, also ashore; and then they learnt to realize to the full the gallant

efforts that had been made to save the shipwrecked, and the destruction that had been wrought, as effort after effort had been overcome by the fury of the gale.

But where was the wreck? They could see nothing of her: had she been beaten to pieces, all lives lost, and were they too late? A heavy mass of cloud and snow-storm rolled on to windward of them, in the direction of the Margate sands, and they could not make out any signs of the wreck there. There was just a chance that it was the Woolpack Sand that she was on. They thought it the more likely, as the first intelligence which came of the wreck declared that such was the case; and accordingly they determined to make for the Woolpack Sand, which was about three miles farther on. They had scarcely decided upon this, when, most providentially, there was a break in the drift of snow to windward, and they suddenly caught sight of the wreck. But for this sudden clearance in the storm they would have proceeded on, and, before they could have found out their mistake and got back, every soul must have perished. The master of the steamboat made out the flag of distress flying in the rigging, the ensign union downwards; she was doubtless the vessel they were in search of. But still it was a question how they could get to her, as she was on the other side of the sand. To tow the boat round the sand would be a long job in the face of such a gale; and for the boat to make across the sand seemed almost impossible, so tremendous was the sea which was running over it. Nevertheless, there was no hesitation on the part of the life-boat crew. It seemed a forlorn hope, a rushing upon destruction, to attempt to sail through such a surf and sea; but to go round the sands would occasion a delay which they could not bear to think of. Without hesitation, then, they cast off the tow-rope, and were about setting sail, when they found that the tide was running so furiously that it would be necessary for them to be towed at least three miles to the eastward, before they would be suf-

ficiently far to windward to fetch the wreck. It was a hard struggle to get the tow-rope on board again, and a heavy disappointment to all to find that an hour or so more of their precious time must be consumed before they could get to the rescue of their perishing brother seamen; but there was no help for it; and away they went again in tow of the steamer. The snow squall came on, and they lost sight of the vessel; but all were anxiously on the look out; and now and then in a lift of the squall they could catch a glimpse of her. They could see that she was almost buried in the sea, which broke over her in great clouds of foam; and again many and weary were the doubts and speculations as to whether or no any one on board the wreck could still be alive.

For twenty minutes or so they battled against the wind and tide. The gale, which had been steadily increasing since the morning, came on heavier than ever; and the sea was running so furiously, that even the new rope with which the boat was being towed could not resist the increasing strain, and suddenly parted with a tremendous jerk. There was no thought of picking up the cable again. They could stand no farther delay, and one and all rejoiced to hear the captain give orders to set the sail.

CHAPTER III.

THE RESCUE AND THE RETURN.

HARDER still the gale, and the rush of the sea, and the blinding snow—the storm was at its height. As they headed for the sands, a darkness as of night seemed to settle down upon them; they could scarcely see each other; but on through the raging sea they drove the gallant boat. As they approached the shallow water,—the high part of the sand, where the heaviest sea was breaking,—they could see spreading itself before them, standing out in the gloom, a barrier-wall of foam; for, as the waves broke on the sand, and clashed together

in their recoil, they mounted up in columns of foam, which was caught by the wind, and carried away in white streaming clouds of spray, and the fearful roar of the beating waves could be heard above the gale. But straight for the breakers they made. No wavering, no hesitation; not a heart failed!

The boat, although under only her double-reefed foresail and mizen—as little sail as she could possibly carry—was driven on by the hurricane force of the wind. On through the outer range of breakers she plunged, and then came indeed a struggle for life. The waves no longer rolled on in foaming ranks, but leapt, and clashed, and battled together in a raging boil of sea. They broke over the boat; the surf poured in first on one side and then on the other; some waves rushed over the boat, threatening to sweep every man out of her. "Look out, my men! hold on! hold on!" was the cry when this happened; and each man threw himself down with his breast on the thwart, and, with both arms clasped round it, hugged it, and held to it against the tear and wrestle of the wave, while the rush of water poured over their backs and heads and buried them in its flood. Down for a moment boat and men all seemed to sink; but the splendid boat rose in her buoyancy and freed herself of the water which had for a moment buried her, and her crew breathed again. A cry of triumph arose from them—"All right! all right! now she goes through it; hold on, my boys!" A moment's lull; she glided on the crest of a huge wave, or only smaller ones tried their strength against her; then the monster fellows came heading on; again the warning cry was given, "Look out! hold on, hold on!" Thus, until they got clear of the sands, the fearful struggle was often repeated. But at last it ended, and they got into deep water, leaving the breakers behind them. They had then only the huge rolling waves to contend with, and they seemed but as little in comparison to the broken water they had just passed through and escaped from. The boat was put before the

wind, and every man was on the look out for the wreck. For a time it remained so thick that there was no chance of finding her, when again, the second time, a sudden break in the storm revealed her. She was about half a mile to leeward. They shifted their foresail with some difficulty, and again made in for the sands to the vessel. The appearance of the wreck made even the boatmen shudder. She had settled down by the stern upon the sands, the sea making a clear breach over her. The starboard-bow was the only part of the hull visible; the mainmast was gone; the foresail and foretopsail blown adrift; and great columns of foam were mounting up, flying over her foremast and bow. They saw a Margate lugger lying at anchor, just clear of the sand, and made close to her. As they shot by they could just make out through the roar of the storm a hail—"Eight of our men on board;" and on they flew into a sea which would in a moment have swamped the lugger, noble boat though she was. Approaching the wreck, it was with terrible anxiety they strained their sight, trying to discover whether there were still any men left in the tangled mass of rigging, over which the sea was breaking so furiously. By degrees they made them out. "I see one, two, three! The rigging is full of them!" was the cry; and, with a cheer of triumph at being still in time, they settled to their work.

The wreck of the mainmast, and the tremendous wash of the sea over the vessel, prevented their going to the lee of the wreck. This increased the danger tenfold, as the result proved. About forty yards from the wreck, they lowered their sails, and cast the anchor over the side. The moment for which the boat had so gallantly battled for four hours, and the shipwrecked waited, in almost despair, for eight, had at last arrived. No shouting, no whisper beyond the necessary orders; the suspense and risk are too terrible! Yard by yard the cable is cautiously payed out, and the great rolling seas are allowed to carry the boat little by

little to the vessel. The waves break over them—for a moment bury the boat; and then, as they break upon the vessel, the spray hides the men, lashed to the rigging, from their sight. They hoist up the sail a little to help the boat sheer, and soon a huge wave lifts them; they let out a yard or two more cable by the run, and she is alongside the wreck! With a cry, three men jump from the rigging, and are saved. The next instant they see a huge wave rolling towards them, and night and main, hand over hand, all haul in the cable, and draw the boat away from the wreck, and thus escape being washed against her, and perhaps over her, to certain destruction. Again they watch their chance and get alongside. This time they manage to remain a little longer than before; and, one after another, thirteen of the shipwrecked leap from the rigging to the boat; and away she is again. "Are they all saved?" No; three of the Spaniards are still left in the rigging; they seem almost dead, and can scarcely unlash themselves from the shrouds, and crawl down, ready for the return of the boat. This time the peril is greater than ever. They have to go quite close to the vessel, for the men are too weak to leap; they must remain longer, for the men have to be lifted on board; but as before, coolly and determinately they go to their work; the cable is veered out, the sail manœuvred to make the boat sheer, and again she is alongside; the men are grasped by their clothes, and dragged into the boat. The last in the rigging is the cabin-boy; he seems entangled in the shrouds. (The poor little fellow had a canvas bag of trinkets and things he was taking home; it had caught in the rigging; and his cold, half-dead hands could not free it.) A strong hand grasps him, and tears him down into the boat; for a moment's delay may be death to all. A tremendous wave rushes on them; hold, anchor! hold, cable! give but a yard, and all are lost! The boat lifts, is washed into the fore-rigging; the sea passes; and she settles down again upon an even keel! If one stray rope of all the tangled rig-

ging of the vessel had caught the boat, she would have capsized, and every man in her have been in a moment shaken out into the sea. The boat is very crowded; no fewer than thirty-two men now form her precious freight. They haul in cable and draw up to the anchor as quickly as they can, to get clear of the wreck; an anxious time it is. At last they are pretty clear, and hoist the sail to draw still farther away. There is no thought of getting the anchor up in such a gale and sea. "She draws away," cries the captain; "pay out the cable; stand by to cut it; pass the hatchet forward; cut the cable; quick, my men, quick!" There is a moment's delay. A sailor takes out his knife, and begins gashing away at the thick rope. Already one strand out of the three is severed, when a fearful gust of wind rushes by; a crash is heard, and the mast and sail are blown clean out of the boat. Never was a moment of greater peril. Away with the rush of the wave the boat is again carried straight for the fatal wreck; the cable is payed out, and is slack; they haul it in as fast as they can; but on they go swiftly, apparently to certain destruction. Let them hit the wreck full, and the next wave must wash them over it, and all perish; let them but touch it, and the risk is fearful. On they are carried; the stern of the boat just grazes the bow of the ship. Some of the crew are ready for a spring into the bowsprit, to prolong their lives a few minutes. Mercifully, the cable at that moment taughtens: another yard or two and the boat must have been dashed to pieces. Might and main they continue to haul in the cable, and again draw away from the wreck; but they do it with a terrible dread, for they remember the cut strand of the rope. Will the remaining two strands hold? The strain is fearful; each time the boat lifts on a wave, the cable tightens and jerks, and they think it breaking; but it still holds, and a thrill of joy passes through the hearts of all as they hear that the cut part is in. The position is still one of extreme peril. The mast and sail have been drag-

ging over the side all this time; with much difficulty they get them on board. The mast had broke short off, about three feet from the heel. They chop a new heel to it, and rig it up again as speedily as possible; but it takes long to do so. The boat is lying in the trough of the sea, the waves breaking over her; the gale blowing as hard as ever; the boat so crowded that they can scarcely move; the Spaniards clinging to each other, the terrors of death not having yet passed away from them. They know nothing of the properties of the life-boat, and cannot believe that it will live long in such a sea. As the huge waves break over the boat and fill it, they imagine that it is going to founder; and, besides this, for nearly four hours had they been lashed to the rigging of their vessel, till the life was nearly beaten and frozen out of them by the waves and bitter wind. One of them, seeing a life-belt lying under a thwart, which one of the crew had thrown off in the hurry of his work, picked it up and sat upon it, by way of making himself doubly safe. But the work went on; at last the mast is fitted and raised. No unnecessary word is spoken all this time, for the life and death struggle is not yet over, nor can be until they are well away from the neighbourhood of the wreck; but, as they hoist the sail, the boat gradually draws away, the cable is again payed out little by little, and, as soon as they are well clear of the vessel, they cut it, and away they go.

The terrible suspense—when each moment was a moment of fearful risk—from the time they let go their anchor to the time they were clear of the vessel was over. It had lasted nearly an hour. The men could now breathe freely; their faces brightened; and from one and all there arose, spontaneously, a pealing cheer. They were no longer face to face with death, and joyfully and thankfully they sailed away from the breakers, the sands, and the wreck. The gale was still at its height, but the peril they were in then seemed as nothing compared to that which they had left behind. In

the great reaction of feeling, the freezing cold and sleet, the driving foam and sea were all forgotten; and they felt as light-hearted as if they were out on a pleasant summer's cruise. They could at last look around and see whom they had in the boat. Of the saved were eleven Spaniards—the master of the brig, the mate, eight seamen and a boy; six Margate boatmen, and two Whitstable fishermen. They then proceeded in search of the steamer, which, after casting the life-boat adrift, had made for shelter to the back of the Hook Sand, not far from the Reculvers, and there waited, her crew anxiously on the look out for the return of the life-boat. As they were making for the steamer, the lugger, *Eclipse*, came in chase, to hear whether all hands, and especially her men, had been saved. They welcomed the glad tidings with three cheers for the life-boat crew. Soon after, the Whitstable smack stood towards them on the same errand, and, after speaking them, tacked in for the land. The night was coming on apace. It was not until they had run three or four miles that they sighted the steamer; and, when they got alongside it, was a difficult matter to get the saved crew on board. The gale was as hard as ever, and the steamer rolled heavily; the men had almost to be lifted on board as opportunities occurred; and one poor fellow was so thoroughly exhausted that they had to haul him into the steamer with a rope.

Again the boat was taken in tow, almost all her crew remaining in her; and they commenced their return home. The night was very dark, although clear; the sea and gale had lost none of their force; and, until they got well round the North Foreland, the struggle to get back was just as hard as it had been to get there. Once round the Foreland, the wind was well aft, and they made easier way; light after light opened to them; Kingsgate, Broadstairs, were passed; and, at last, the Ramsgate pier-head light shone forth its welcome, and they began to feel that their work was nearly over.

A telegram had been sent from Margate, in the afternoon, stating that the

Ramsgate life-boat had been seen to save the crew; but nothing more had been heard, and the suspense of the boatmen at Ramsgate, as they waited for the life-boat's return, was terrible. Few hoped to see them again, and, as hour after hour passed without tidings, they were almost given up. During the whole of the afternoon and evening, anxious eyes were constantly on the watch for the first signs of the boat's coming round the head of the cliff. As the tide went down, and the sea broke less heavily over the pier, the men could venture farther along it, until, by the time of the boat's return, they were enabled to assemble at the end of the pier. When the steamer was first seen with the life-boat in tow, the lookers out shouted for very joy; and, as they entered the harbour, and hailed, "All saved!" cheer after cheer for the life-boat's crew broke from the crowd.

The Spaniards had somewhat recovered from their exhaustion under the care of the steamboat crew, and were farther well cared for and supplied with clothes by the orders of the Spanish Consul; and the hardy English boatmen did not take long to recover their exposure and fatigues, fearful as they had been. The captain of the Spaniard, in speaking of the rescue, was almost overcome by his feelings of gratitude and wonder. He had quite made up his mind to death, believing that no boat could by any possibility come to their rescue in such a fearful sea. He took with him to Spain, to show to the Spanish government, a painting of the rescue, executed by Mr. Ifold, of Ramsgate.

There is an interest even in reading the names of those (however unknown to us) who have done gallant deeds; we give therefore the names of the crew of the life-boat, and of the steamer. Of the life-boat: James Hogben, captain; Charles Meader, Thomas Tucker, Philip Goodchild, Edward Stock, William Penny, William Priestley, George Hogben, William Solly, George Forwood, John Stock, Robert Solly. Of the steam-tug: Daniel Reading, J. Simpson, W. Wharrier, T. Nichols, J. Denton,

J. Freeman, T. Larkins, W. Penman, W. Matson, W. Solly. Other fearful scenes have most of these men, especially the captains of the life-boat and steam-tug, passed through in their efforts to save life; one so terrible that two out of the crew of the life-boat never recovered the shock given to their nerves. One died a few months after the event, and the other to this day is ailing, and subject to fits. Of the splendid life-boat too much cannot be said; no fewer than eighty-eight lives have been saved by her during the last five years. Designed and built by J. Beeching and

Sons, boat-builders, &c., of Yarmouth, she won the Northumberland prize of one hundred guineas in a competition of two hundred and eighty boats. Each time the men go out, their confidence in her increases, and they are now ready to dare anything in the Northumberland prize life-boat. It is pleasing to be able to add, by way of postscript, that the Board of Control has presented each man engaged in this rescue with a medal and 2*l.*, and that the Spanish Government has also gratefully acknowledged the heroism of the men, and sent to each a medal and 3*l.*

THE SLEEP OF THE HYACINTH.

AN EGYPTIAN POEM. BY THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

(Concluded from No. 6.)

IV. THE ENTOMBMENT OF THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWER.

There is mourning in the land of Pharaoh over the dead Princess, whose swathing and entombment, Egyptian-wise, with the hyacinth-bulb in her hand, are described—the description leading to a glimpse of the Royal Necropolis, or Burying-place, with its rows of the dead who had preceded her, and, then, by transition, to an address of the Mummy to its departed soul.

Woe was in the land of Egypt,
Grief was on the monarch's throne;
Aged Pharaoh, sad and childless,
Uttered sob and uttered groan;
Death had won his dearest treasure,
Desolate he stood alone.
From his hand he thrust the sceptre,
From his brow he plucked the crown;
Royal robe and priestly vesture,
Warrior sword, he flung them down;
Sackcloth round his loins was girt,
Ashes on his head were strown.

Woe was in the land of Egypt,
On the loftiest and the least;
Woe on king and woe on people,
Bond and freeman, prince and priest;
Day and night they uttered wailings,
Lamentations never ceased.

At length the king rose, and he lifted
his head,
And he spake but three words, "Bury
my dead."
Her delicate body with water they
bathed,
And they combed the long locks of
her hair,
And her marble-like limbs with linen
they swathed,
Imbued with rich spices, and unguents
rare
To keep off the breath of the envious
air.

They folded her hands for their age-
long prayer;
They laid on her breast,
For its age-long rest,
The bulb of the hyacinth root;
And, with pious intent and reverend
care,
They wound from the head to the
foot
The long linen bandages, crossing them
round,
Till each motionless limb in its vestment
was bound,
And she lay folded up,
Like a flower in its cup

Which has never awakened, and knows
but repose,
Like the bud never blown of the sleeping
white rose.
So they embalmed that lovely form,
And made that queenly face immortal,
Shutting from his prey the worm,
And barring close the admitting
portal;
And Decay could not enter.

The sycamore tree in the garden fell,
She would love it they thought in
the tomb;
They hollowed it out, a gloomy deep cell,
A dark, dreary lodge where no queen
would dwell;
But she made no complaint, it suited
her well;
There was small enough space, and
yet wide enough room;
The dead are content with a narrow
freehold,
And they are not afraid of the gloom.

* * * *

There were no tossing arms
And no aching heads;
All their pillows were soft
And downy their beds.
None weary and wakeful lay
Counting each hour,
Missing the drowsy juice
Wrung from the poppy flower.
None looked for the light;
None longed for the day,
Grew tired of their couches,
Or wished them away.

The babe lay hushed to a calmer rest
Than ever mother's loving breast
Or fondling arms in life had given,
Or lullaby that rose to heaven
And brought the angels down to guard
the cradle-nest.
The husband and the wife,
As once in life,
Slept side by side,
Undreaming of the cares the morning
might betide.
The bridegroom and the bride
Their fill of love might take;
None kept the lovers now apart;
Yet neither to the other spake,
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And heart leapt not to heart:
Death had wooed both,
And come in room
To him of loving bride,
To her of fond bridegroom;
Yet they slept sweetly
With closed eyes,
And knew not Death had cheated
both,
And won the prize.

None knelt to the king, yet none were
ashamed;
None prayed unto God, yet no one
blamed;
None weighed out silver or counted
gold;
Nothing was bought, and nothing sold;
None would give, and none would take,
No one answered, and no one spake.
There were crowds on crowds, and yet
no din,
Sinner on sinner, and yet no sin;
Poverty was not, nor any wealth,
None knew sickness, and none knew
health;
None felt blindness, and none saw light,
There were millions of eyes and yet no
sight;
Millions of ears and yet no hearing,
Millions of hearts, and yet no fearing;
None knew joy, and none knew sorrow;
Yesterday was the same as to-day and
to-morrow.
None felt hunger, none felt thirst,
No one blessed, and no one cursed,
None wasted the hours, and none saved
time,
None did any good, or committed crime;
Grief and woe, and guilt and care,
Fiery passion and sullen despair,
Were all unknown and unthought of
there:
Joy and love, and peace and bliss,
Holy affection and kindly kiss,
Were strangers there to all, I wiss.
The soldier laid aside his spear,
And was a man of peace;
The slave forgot to fear,
And sighed not for release;
The widow dried her tear
And thought not of her lord's decease.
The subtle brain
Of the curious priest,

To strive and strain
 With thought had ceased.
 Lips that like angels' sung
 Moved not the air,
 And the eloquent tongue
 Lay dumb in its lair,
 Behind the closed gate of the teeth :
 The flute-like throat
 Uttered no note,
 And the bosom swelled not with the
 breath.

No mourning nor crying,
 No sobbing nor sighing,
 None weeping over the dead or the
 dying,

Were heard on the way :
 No singing, no laughing,
 No joying, no daffing,
 No reveller's glee when carousing and
 quaffing,

Nor children at play :
 None shouted, none whispered ; there
 rose not a hum
 In that great city of the deaf and dumb.
 They left her there among the rows
 Of royal dead to find repose,
 Where Silence with her soundless wings
 Hovers o'er sleeping queens and kings,
 And each in dumbness steeps :
 And Darkness with her sightless eye,
 Gazes down through a starless sky,
 And all from waking keeps.

* * * * *
 Soul, I loved thee ;
 Thou wert beautiful :
 Soul, I served thee ;
 I was dutiful :
 We had been so long together,
 In the fair and the foul weather ;
 We had known such joys and tears
 That my love grew with the years.

I was not an enemy
 Unto thy salvation ;
 If I sinned, I sinned with thee,
 Yielding to temptation ;
 Thou wert wiser,
 Thou wert stronger ;
 I was never thy despiser ;
 Wilfully I was no wronger—
 Wronging thee I wronged myself.

I am but a broken cage,
 And the eagle's fled ;

Think you he will quell his rage,
 Bend his high and haughty head,
 Leave the air at one fell swoop,
 And with folded pinions stoop
 Underneath these bars ; to droop
 Once again, with sullen eye
 Gazing at the far-off sky ?
 He has gone his way, and I
 Grudge him not his liberty.

Does the wanton butterfly
 Long for her aurelia sleep,
 Sicken of the sunlit sky,
 Shriveled up her wings and creep
 From the untasted rose's chalice,
 Back into her chrysalis ?
 Does she on the wing deplore
 She can be a worm no more ?

The melodious, happy bee,
 Will she backward ring her bell,
 Grieving for a life so free,
 Wishing back the narrow cell
 Where a cloistered nun she lay,
 Knowing not the night from day ?

Lithe and subtle serpents turning
 Wheresoe'er they will,
 Are they full of sad repining
 That they cannot now be still,
 Coiled in the maternal prison
 Out of which they have arisen ?

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
 Ashes unto ashes must ;
 Death precedeth birth.
 Infant gladness
 Ends in madness,
 And from blackest roots of sadness
 Rise the brightest flowers of mirth.

I am but the quiver, useless
 When the bolts are shot ;
 But the dangling mocking scabbard
 Where the sword is not.
 I am like a shattered bark
 Flung high up upon the shore ;
 Gone are streamers, sails, and mast,
 Steering helm and labouring oar.
 River-joys, ye all are past ;
 I shall breast the Nile no more.

I was once a lamp of life,
 Shining in upon the soul ;
 But I was a lamp of clay :
 Death and I had bitter strife ;

He hath pierced the golden bowl,
And he sent my soul astray.
It is an immortal thing,
Far beyond his venom'd sting,
But my life was his to win,
And I must the forfeit pay ;
So he poured the precious oil
Of my very life away.

If my soul should seek for me,
It would find me dark ;
In my leaking cup would see
Death the quencher's mark :
Angels could not light in me
Now the feeblest spark :
I am broken, empty, cold ;
Oil of life I could not hold.

Soul and body cannot mate,
Unless Life doth join their hands ;
And the fell divorcer sweareth
By the royal crown he weareth
And the awful sword he beareth,
That a king's are his commands.
"Soul and body, Life shall never,
"When my smiting sword doth sever,
"Join again in wedlock's bands."

I was once the trusted casket
Of a priceless, wondrous gem :
With closed lid
I kept it hid,
Till God wanted
It for his own diadem.
Unto Death He gave the key,
But he stayed not to unlock it ;
If the jewel were but free,
He, the fierce one, what cared he
For the casket, though he broke it ?

Mortal throes and cruel pangs
Tore me open with their fangs,
And God took the gem to set :
But to put his mark on me
Death did not forget.
With his crushing, cruel heel,
He impressed on me his seal,
And on it these words were cut,
"When I open, none may shut
"Save the King, whose key I bear."

If that gem again from heaven
Were entrusted to my care,

I could not enfold and keep it
From the chill, corrupting air ;
Could not hide it out of sight
Of the peering prying light :—
Crushed and shattered, mean and vile,
I am fit only for the funeral pile.

I am not a harp whose strings
Wait but for the quivering wings
Of the breathing Spirit-wind
Over them its way to find,
Thrilling them with its fond greeting
Till they answer back . . . repeating
Tone for tone ;
Adding others of their own.
All my chords are tangled, broken,
And their breaking is a token
That, if now the wind-like spirit
Should come longing back to me,
It would vainly try to elicit
Note or any melody.

Life once by me stood and wound
Each string to its sweetest sound,
But Death stole the winding key,
And it would be woe to me
If my soul from heaven should come
But to find me hushed and mute,
Soundless as a shattered drum,
Voiceless as an unblown flute,
Speechless as a tongueless bell,
Silent as an unstrung lute,
Dumber than a dead sea shell :
I could not even as a lisper
Utter back the faintest whisper,
Were it but to say farewell.

Archangelic trumpet sounding,
Thou shalt wake us all ;
On the startled universe
Shall thy summons fall ;
And the sympathising planets
Shall obey thy call,
Weeping o'er their sinful sister,
Stretched beneath her funeral pall.
Earth, thou wert baptized in light,
When the Spirit brooded o'er thee ;
Fair thou wert in God's own sight,
And a life of joy before thee ;
But thy day was turned to night,
And an awful change came o'er thee.
Then thou wert baptized again ;
In the avenging, cleansing flood,
Afterward for guilty men
Christ baptized thee with his blood ;

Yet to efface the stain of crime
 God shall light thy funeral pyre,
 And the fourth and final time
 Thou shalt be baptized with fire.

V. THE SLEEP.

Over the Necropolis and the land of Egypt,
 the seasons and the centuries pass, producing
 their changes in Nature, celestial and terres-
 trial, and in all human history; everywhere
 there is the same unvarying alternation of Life
 and Death; and through all this monotony of
 change the Dead sleep, awaiting with irrepre-
 sible yearnings their Resurrection.

The shadow of the pyramids
 Fled round before the sun :
 By day it fled,
 It onward sped ;
 And when its daily task was done
 The moon arose, and round the plain
 The weary shadow fled again.

The sphinx looked east,
 The sphinx looked west,
 And north and south her shadow fell ;
 How many times she sought for rest
 And found it not, no tongue may tell.

But much it vexed the heart of greedy
 Time
 That neither rain nor snow, nor frost
 nor hail,
 Trouble the calm of the Egyptian clime ;
 For these for him, like heavy iron
 flail,
 And wedge and saw, and biting tooth
 and file,
 Against the palaces of kings prevail,
 And crumble down the loftiest pile,
 And eat the ancient hills away,
 And make the very mountains know
 decay.

And sorely he would grudge, and much
 would carp,
 That he could never keep his polished
 blade,
 His mowing sickle keen and sharp,
 For all the din and all the dust he
 made.
 He cursed the mummies that they would
 not rot,
 He cursed the paintings that they faded
 not,

And swore to tumble Memnon from his
 seat ;
 But, foiled awhile, to hide his great
 defeat,
 With his wide wings he blew the Libyan
 sand
 And hid from mortal eyes the glories of
 the land.

Then he would hie away
 With many a frown,
 And whet his scythe
 By grinding Babylons down ;¹
 And chuckle blithe,
 As, with his hands
 Sifting the sands,
 He meted in his glass
 How centuries pass,
 And say, " I think this dust doth tell
 Whoever faileth, I work well."

* * * *

Round the great dial of the year
 The seasons went and struck the quarters,
 Whilst the swift months, like circling
 hours,
 Told the twelve changes by their chang-
 ing flowers ;
 And the great glaciers from the moun-
 tain tops,
 Where the bold chamois dare not climb,
 Silently sliding down the slopes,
 Marked the slow years upon the clock
 of Time.

The burst of revelry was heard no more
 Along the Nile ; nor near its reedy shore
 The pleasant plashing of the dipping oar :
 Nor cry of sailor unto sailor calling,
 Nor music of the hammer on the anvil
 falling,
 Nor song of women singing in the sun,
 Nor craftsmen merry when their work
 is done :
 The trumpet all was hushed, the harp
 was still,
 And ceased the hum of the revolving
 mill :
 The sound of solitude alone was there,
 And solemn silence reigning everywhere.

The sun, the mighty alchymist,
 With burning ardour daily kissed

¹ Similar reference in Hood's poems.

Earth's dusky bosom into gold :
And when at eve
He took his leave,
Again his eager lips grew bold,
And on her dark'ning brow and breast
His strange transmuting kiss impressed.

The moon ! she hath hermetic skill,
As nightly every shadow told ;
She cannot change all things to gold,
But she hath skill, and she hath will,
To turn to silver blackest hill
And deepest shade and darkest pile ;
And night by night,
The gloomy Nile,
A sea of light,
Smiled to her smile.

A million times, by days of men,
The earth her silver robes put off,
Only her golden train to doff
In shortest time again.

Link by link, and ring by ring,
Each day and night a link would bring :
The sun ! a ring, all golden-bright,
The moon ! a link, all silver white ;

And so the twain
Wove at the chain
Which they have woven all the way,
Since first was night, and first was day.
It girdleth round the earth, and then,
Swift passing from the abodes of men,
It all transcendeth human ken
To trace it back, it goes so far,
Up to the dawn of time,
Beyond the farthest star.

In the lost past
It hangeth fast,
Held by the hand of God ;
And angels, when they wish to know
How time is moving here below,
Come floating down on half-spread wings,
And see the steps our earth has trod,
By counting the alternate rings
That mark the day
And mark the night,
Since God said "Be"
And there was light.
The azure sky a garden lay,
In which at mid-day seed was sown ;
It peeped at eve, at twilight budded,

And, when the day had passed away,
The buds were burst, the leaves were
blown,
And starry flowers the midnight
studded :

Quick bloomed they there,
Too bright and fair
Not to be taken soon away :
Thick through the air
Rained they,

In blazing showers,
Their meteor-flowers,
And withered at the dawn of day.
They were not blotted from the sky !
They faded, but they did not die :
Each in its azure-curtained bed
In stillest slumber slept ;
Whilst, glancing far,
The evening star
A wakeful vigil kept,
Till, when the setting sun withdrew,
The appointed sign was given,
And each grew up and bloomed anew,
And glorified the face of heaven.

Swift comets fled across the sky,
Like murderers from the wrath of God,
With frenzied look, and fiery eye
(For swift behind the avenger trod),
And long, dishevelled, trailing hair,
Seeking in vain to find a lair,
Where they could hide their great de-
spair.

They sought the very bounds of space,
But dared not for a moment stay ;
The dread Avenger's awful face
Waited before them on the way :
They turned, their footsteps to retrace ;
They thought they flagged not in the race,
But shuddered as a mighty force,
Which none could see, but all could
feel,

Checking their wild eccentric course,
Bade them in lesser circles wheel :
The judgment had gone forth that they
Should feed the burning sun :
They felt that vengeance had begun
Which, though it suffered long delay,
Would sternly smite and surely slay
When their appointed race was run.
And some there were of gentler sort,
With slower step, of lowlier port,
With smoother locks and calmer eye,
Who, shooting by the startled sky,

Or gleaming through the midday blue,
On errands sent which no one knew,
Came—none knew whence; went—none
knew where,
The gipsies of the upper air.

So whirled those stars, whilst worlds of
men

Died ere the time of their returning;
Yet they failed not to come again,
With unquenched tresses fiercely burn-
ing,

And, round a smaller area turning,
Flew like doomed things to meet
the ire
That gave them to eternal fire.

And, as they left the sleeping pair,
They found them still at each return-
ing

Down in the darkness, keeping there
An everlasting mourning.

They would have thought the baleful
light

Of comets a delightful sight,
And joyed to gaze up at their hair,
Waving malignant in the air.

But not the faintest flickering gleam
Of all their blinding glare,
Not one adventurous errant beam,
Could grope its way adown the stair
That led to their sepulchral room,
Or find a chink within their tomb,
By which to show to spell-bound eyes
The terrors of the midnight skies.

The ibis gravely stalking
As a self-appointed warden,
Through every valley walking,
Went through and through the gar-
den;

And with his curved bill,
Like a reaper's sickle hook,
On every noxious thing

A speedy vengeance took.
White pelicans came sailing
Like galleys down the stream;
And the peacock raised the wailing
Of his melancholy scream,
From the lofty temple-summits
Where he loved to take his stand,
As if to catch a glimpse
Of his far-distant land.

And the sober matron geese,
Now swimming and now wading,
Now paddling in the mud,
And now on shore parading,
Moved, discoursing to each other
With their mellow trumpet-voices,
Each with native music telling
Of a creature that rejoices;
Till some leader's shrillest signal,
As of sudden foe invading,
Stopped the babble of their tongues,
And their careless promenading,
And they rose in steady phalanx
Unfurling in the air,
Like the banners of an army
When they hear the trumpet's blare;
And now they kept together
Like a fleet of ships at sea,
When they fear not stormy weather
Or foe from whom to flee;
And then they scattered far and wide,
Like ships before a gale,
When naked masts stand up on deck
With scarce a single sail;
And now their phalanx like a wedge
Went cleaving through the air,
And then it was a hollow ring,
And then a hollow square.
So! free through sea, and earth, and
sky,
With web, and foot, and wing,
They lowly walked, or soared on high,
And none disturbed their travelling.

They wandered at their own wild will
Till daylight died and all was still,
And then a summons clear and shrill
Led them all back with weary wing,
To rest in peace
Till night should cease,
Lulled by the Nile's low murmuring;
And in the garden's ample ground
They each a welcome haven found.

The garden was all full of life,
All filled with living things;
Life in the earth and air,
On bird and insect wings;
Life swimming in the river,
Life walking on the land,
The life of eye and ear,
And heart, and brain, and hand.

Life! in the lichen sleeping,
 Life! in the moss half-waking,
 A drowsy vigil keeping;
 Life! in the green tree taking
 Its free course as a river;
 Life, making each nerve quiver
 In the eagle upward soaring:
 Life, flowing on for ever,
 Its waters ever pouring
 Into that grave of death, which we
 Count as an all-devouring sea;

Dark are its depths, but they cannot retain
 Aught that was living; it will not remain:

Down in the darkness it hateth to stay;
 Upward it riseth, and cleaveth its way
 Out of Death's midnight into Life's day.
 Fire from God's altar rekindleth its
 flame,

Effaceth Death's mark and removeth
 his stain,
 Clothes it afresh and changeth its name,
 Nerves it anew to pleasure and pain,
 And sendeth it back to the place whence
 it came:—

Thither it speeds and returneth again,
 Like the wave of the lake
 And the foam of the river,
 Which as clouds from the sea
 The sun doth dissever.
 He bathes them in glory,
 He clothes them in light,
 He weaves for them garments of every
 hue:

They tire of the glory,
 They steal from his sight,
 They drop on the earth as invisible dew.

They return to the lake,
 They revisit the river,
 Like arrows shot up
 Which come back to their quiver.
 As the cloud was the sea,
 And the sea was the cloud,
 So the cradle of Life

Is wrapped in Death's shroud.
 The Life cometh down
 As the rain comes from heaven;
 To flow is its law;
 To Death it is given.
 The Life riseth up
 As a cloud from Death's sea;
 It changeth its robe,
 From decay it is free;

It mocketh at Death,
 It breaketh his chain;
 And the clouds in the sky
 Come after the rain.
 Life's a spender,
 Death's a keeper;
 Life's a watcher,
 Death's a sleeper;
 Life's a sower,
 Death's a reaper;
 Life's a laugher,
 Death's a weeper;
 Life's an ever-flowing river,
 Death's an ever-filling sea;
 Death is shackled,
 Life is free;
 Death is darkness,
 Life is light;
 Death is blindness,
 Life is sight;
 Life is fragrant,
 Death is noisome;
 Death is woeful,
 Life is joyous;
 Life is music,
 Death is soundless;
 Death is bounded,
 Life is boundless;
 Death is lowly,
 Life hath pride;
 Death's a bridegroom,
 Life's the bride;
 Death's the winter,
 Life's the spring;
 Life's a queen,
 But Death's a king;
 Life's a blossom,
 Death's its root;
 Death's a seed,
 And life's its fruit;
 Death is sown,
 And life upsprings;
 Death hath fetters,
 Life hath wings.

So in endless iteration,
 Through the long protracted ages,
 Rose their wailing alternation;
 Like the murmur that presages
 Rising tempests, ere their fullest
 fury rages,
 Rose and fell
 Its plaintive swell,

Like the mourning one doth hear,
 Listening with attentive ear
 To the sighing of a shell,
 Orphaned from its mother sea,
 Where it longs again to dwell,
 Weary of its liberty.

So they panted for the light ;
 Yearned for the living day,
 Sick of silence, tired of darkness,
 Chafing at the long delay ;
 Till, when thrice a thousand years
 Drearily had passed away,

Hope and faith fled with them too,
 And they ceased to pray.
 No one seemed to love or heed them,
 And in dull despair they waited,
 To a hopeless bondage fated,
 Till the Archangel's voice should bid
 them
 Rise upon the Judgment Day.

[Here the Author's MS. ends—the intended final part, to be called the "Awaking," never having been written.]

POET'S CORNER ; OR AN ENGLISH WRITER'S TOMB.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

"Died, at his lodgings in Bond Street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne."

THE first shadows of a dreary and sunless evening in May were preparing to descend upon the earth ; the wind was blowing from the east ; the bells were just beginning to toll for a Thursday evening lecture ; and Messieurs Mathews and Fudge were sitting at an enormous dining-table in the house of the first named of these gentlemen, and were drinking their wine in silence and depression.

And why in depression? Who knows? Who will ever know the reasons that account for that mysterious ebb and flow in the animal spirits which we feel but cannot explain? A change in the wind, in the moon, a rise or fall of the quicksilver in the weather-glass, the number of sovereigns in your pocket—all these things will affect you. So will the sights and sounds about you, the locality in which you find yourself, the dress you have on. The influence of a dress-coat upon the mind, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, is a subject on which treatises might be written ; and as to that of places, the present writer would have but a poor opinion of that man whose spirits did not sink when he had crossed the Thames and found himself in the Waterloo Road, or who could

retain any gaiety of soul in the purlicious of Pentonville.

But our two friends were neither in the Waterloo Road nor in Pentonville. They had dined well. There was plenty of good wine before them. The almond and the raisin were there to flank the juice of the grape. The date of Tafilat itself, and the well-known plum of France, were not unrepresented. Whence, then, this gloom, and why especially is the brow of Mr. Fudge clouded as with the umbrage of a nascent desperation? Who can tell? Happly these gentlemen began their dinners too cheerfully, and have now run themselves out. Happly Mr. Mathews is haunted by the thought that he has made a mistake in commencing his meal with crab salad, and ending it with stewed cheese, and that for a dyspeptic man this is a bad look-out. Happly Mr. Fudge is reminded by a little monitor within him (who is for ever suggesting to him pleasant subjects for thought) that he has got to pay two hundred pounds away next October, and that he has only saved up two hundred shillings towards it in that present month of May. Perhaps, again, these gentlemen are both affected by having dined an hour too early (for there is no

mind so well-regulated as not to feel the ill effects of a five o'clock dinner; or, possibly, the sound of the bell before alluded to may have a share in the despondency which has settled down upon them.

At all events, it is so. Mr. Mathews leans his head upon his hand, and his elbow upon the table, and fixing his eyes upon the ceiling, merely says at intervals, "Help yourself;" and Mr. Fudge *does* help himself, and with every fresh glass gets so additionally unhappy, that at last he pushes away the decanter, and says, in the tone of a man lashed up to some tremendous course, "I'll tell you what, Mathews, this will not do."

"It will nor do," shouted Mr. Mathews, echoing his friend's words with a variation in the emphasis, and smiting the table with his fist; "but the question is, what will do?"

"We must go out," said Mr. Fudge.

"We must," replied his compliant host.

"Where shall we go?" was the next question. It emanated from the lips of Mr. Fudge.

"What do you say to the Park?" inquired Mathews; "there is a cheerful (and wholesome) walk by the Serpentine."

"I don't want a cheerful walk," said Mr. Fudge.

"Gracious heavens! what *do* you want, then!" cried his companion, with alarm depicted in his countenance.

"I want a gloomy walk," was the awful reply.

A long pause succeeded this tremendous announcement, and then it was that Mr. Mathews, after gazing steadily for some seconds at his friend in silence, performed the following manœuvres. He rose slowly from his chair, drawing, as he did so, a bunch of keys from his pocket, with a subdued and reverent jingle; then he advanced with measured steps towards a very old cabinet, or carved press, which stood in the corner of the room, and which seemed to have got into a dark nook behind the curtains, that it might end its days quietly in the shade. Having tried every one of his

keys in the lock of this venerable piece of furniture, and having found the seventeenth (and last) upon the bunch to answer his purpose, Mr. Mathews opened, with great caution, one door of the cabinet, and disclosed to view several rows of books, not one of which was less than half a century old, and some of them much more. Mr. Mathews selected one volume from among these, and, having blown the dust from off the top of the leaves, returned with it, still very solemnly and slowly, and still in profound silence, and, seating himself, placed the book upon the table, and spread it open with his hands.

It was then that Mr. Fudge, who was burning with curiosity to know what all this meant, looking at the title-page from where he sat, and reading it upside down, made out first the word "Tristram," and then, as Mr. Mathews turned over the leaf, he supplied the dissyllable "Shandy" from his imagination, and determined that the book which had been taken down with such ceremony from the old bookcase was no other than "Tristram Shandy." We have said that Mr. Mathews turned over a leaf. Having done this he paused, and his companion saw, still upside down, "Biographical Notice of the Author." Having spelt this out, he next observed that Mr. Mathews turned over two more leaves, and that the Biographical Notice must be a very short one, for at the bottom of the third page it came to an end. He had just noticed these matters, and was wondering what was to come next, and what all this had to do with the proposed walk, when Mr. Mathews, clearing his throat in a prefatory manner, began, without a word of explanation, to read the following sentence:—

"Mr. Sterne died as he lived, the same indifferent careless creature; as, a day or two before his death, he seemed not in the least affected by his approaching dissolution. He was buried privately in a new burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, at twelve o'clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, no bell tolling. His

death was announced in the newspapers of March 22, 1768, by the following paragraph:—

“Died at his lodgings in Bond-street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne.”

The profound silence which followed the reading of this quotation, and which lasted till the clock upon the chimney-piece had ticked away two minutes of life, as if it tried to stop each cog of the wheels as it passed, and failing to arrest them noted every one that broke away in its resistless strength with an exclamation of sorrow—this silence was at length interrupted by the voice of Mr. Mathews.

“We will go there,” he said.

“Go, where?” asked Mr. Fudge.

“To ‘the new burial-ground belonging to the parish of St. George’s, Hanover-Square,’” was Mr. Mathew’s answer.

“Where is it?” again inquired the startled Fudge.

“In the Bayswater Road,” said Mr. Mathews; “you wanted a gloomy walk, and—you shall have it.”

It was a gray and cheerless evening, and the month, as has been said, was the month of May. The sun should always come out in the evening whatever the day has been. However well you may get through a cloudy day, you will always feel the influence of a dull evening upon your spirits. I think there is no person who fails to notice and to regret it. It is like a gloomy old age. But then it was May, and is there any person living who believes in that treacherous month? To the present writer there is something heartless and cold even in its brightest sunshine.

There was, however, no sunshine, heartless or otherwise, on the particular evening with which we are at present occupied. The wind, too, was blowing from the east. Not a bracing invigorating breeze that brought the colour to your cheek. Not even a hurricane such as you get in March, and which it is some excitement to struggle against. No, it was a stealthy creeping sinister wind, that made people look like the evening, pale and cloudy; a wind that did not content itself with puffing up

against you and then passing on as a well conditioned wind should, but, on the contrary, a wind that found out all the weak points of your attire; a wind that crept in and stuck to you, and stealing in among your ribs remained there; a wind that in its sulky chill was not even glad when it had gained its object, but was just as dull and spiritless when it had given you cold, as it was before. Out upon such a wind as that!

A long brick building—not red brick; that would have been too hilarious—a building that looked something between a dwarfish factory and a gigantic coach-house, with a slight touch of the work-house, and just a hint of the conventicle, imparted by the belfry which contained the bell which did *not* ring for Mr. Sterne’s funeral. Such an edifice as this, set back from the road in an inclosed space, and with a knocker on its huge central door, was just the kind of building to tell to advantage on such an evening as has just been described. It stands in the Bayswater Road, about a quarter of a mile west from Tyburn-gate. It gives admission to the burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George’s, Hanover-Square, and before its gloomy gates the two friends, whose footsteps we are following, arrested their course. The sight of this melancholy structure might, one would have thought, have daunted them and deterred them from pursuing their pilgrimage farther. We have, indeed, the best reason to know that the younger of the two gentlemen, Mr. David Fudge to wit, *was* daunted; and we have cause to believe that he would have turned and fled at once had he not been stimulated and kept up by the example of his companion, the courageous Mr. Mathews, a gentleman who is such an inveterate sight-seer, and who, in the pursuit of his antiquarian researches, is so completely a stranger to fear, that he would make nothing of knocking at the door of a house in St. James’s Square and requesting admission if he thought that Sir Joshua Reynolds had ever supped in the back dining-room.

Mr. Mathews, then, strong in his determination to discover the tomb of his favourite author, undaunted by the forbidding aspect of the chapel that looked like a coach-house, or by the observant gaze of two London boys who, remaining outside the iron-railings, watched the proceedings of the two gentlemen with eager curiosity—Mr. Mathews, undismayed by these matters, advanced along the inclosed space with a confident step, closely imitated by his companion, and, as he knocked at the door of the chapel—fancy knocking at the door of a burying-ground—was encouraged by the two London boys from without with the comfortable assurance that “he’d be safe to find ‘em at home.” An allusion, it may be supposed, to the occupants of the graves at the back!

This appeal to the knocker was instantly responded to by a tall man in a dress coat, and drab trousers, who admitted without question the two gentlemen whose fortunes we are following, and, closing the door behind them, shut out the Bayswater Road, the two London boys, and the view of Hyde Park, as rapidly as if the place had been in a state of siege, or as if he thought Messieurs Mathews and Fudge had come to be buried, and might repent and go away if they were not humoured at once.

He was a meek and subdued personage, this tall man in the swallow-tailed coat, and the drab trousers; he was also a polite man and a pale. One whole wing of the building into which our two friends were now admitted was allotted to him for a dwelling house, while the other was devoted to a chapel for the dead, a dreadful place, whose walls had never echoed any other sounds than the hollow bumping of coffins, the shuffling of feet, and the words of the funeral service. What a place for a tall thin man to live in—a tall thin man in a swallow-tailed coat!

The influence of this ghostly building upon the sensitive nerves of Mr. Fudge was such, that he conveyed to his friend a whispered suggestion, that he thought it would be better that they should come

again on another and a sunnier day. Mr. Mathews, however, would not hear of this. That heroic man betrayed his emotion by nothing but a slight pallor and a nervous cough, indulged in a secret manner behind the tips of his fingers. The tall man seemed to have a respect for Mr. Mathews, and inquired without waiting to hear what was the object of his visit, whether he had come to see the grave of Sir Thomas Pictou, or that of Mrs. Radcliffe the Authoress, or—

“That of Lawrence Sterne,” said Mr. Mathews, interrupting him.

The tall man bowed, and retired into his private apartments to fetch his hat. Mr. Fudge, looking into the room after him, observed a vast chamber, bare of all furniture, except one wooden chair and a deal table, on which was a black tea-tray with a black tea-pot upon it, a yellow cup and saucer, a half-quartern loaf, and a knife with a black handle.

“I shall never get over this,” whispered Mr. Fudge to his companion.

The burying-ground, into which our friends were conducted by the tall man in the dress coat, was an unhappy specimen of its class. Without one beautiful monument, without one feature in its larger aspect to diminish the horror that death inspires, or one attempt to give a hopeful look to that which without hope must not be thought of, stretched out in grim and ghastly fact, a piece of ground in whose sodden trenches the dead are packed in rows, hemmed in all round by houses whose inhabitants have used the place as a dust-hole into which to fling their offal, this grave-yard spreads its broad expanse of tombs, a sight to make a good man shudder, and a saint afraid to die.

In this desolate place the neglected paths had got, from long disuse, to be so choked with the rank growth that had accumulated upon them, as to be only distinguishable in those parts where the gravel happening to be composed of larger and heavier stones offered greater resistance to the upward springing of the weeds. Our two friends had, however, little to do with such pathways,

for their conductor led them across the burying-ground in a diagonal line, stepping from grave to grave with his long thin legs, and preceding them with a tremulous stride.

Across the graves, and winding in and out among rickety tombstones, some of which had fallen to one side, and wore a waggish look, while some leant helplessly back or tipsily forward, having cracked the ground open with their weight, and made it gape to such a width and depth, that Mr. Fudge was afraid to look into the chasm, lest he should see some sight of horror—across the graves, and passing by unheeded these mute appeals which pressed upon their notice the virtues of the dead,—across the graves, dipping down into little valleys, where the ground had sunk as with the collapse of some bulk that lay beneath (perhaps it had), mounting up as some more substantial heap came in their way, and nearly tumbling headlong once, where a half-finished grave, left incomplete for years, yawned suddenly beneath their feet,—why a half-finished grave?—Had the man come to life again for whom it was begun, or had the sexton lit upon something that told him he must dig no further?—across the graves, and among such places as we have described, the pale man led the way to the extremity of this grim cemetery where it is bounded by its western wall, and, stopping before a shabby head-stone of the common kind stuck upright in the earth, informed Mr. Mathews, to whom he directed all his remarks, that the object of his visit was there before him, and that this was the monument of Lawrence Sterne!

It has been said above that this burying-ground was surrounded on all sides by houses, the inhabitants of which had regarded the vacant space appropriated to the dead, as a convenient place into which to fling the rubbish that encumbered them. Now this poor grave-stone of Mr. Sterne's being so near the wall, it happened that plenty of such refuse had accumulated around and about it, giving to this corner a more shameful

aspect than perhaps to any other part of this most sordid cemetery. Yes, there lay the remains of this luxurious gentleman, among fragments of broken bottles, old tin pots, among egg-shells, and oyster-shells, and every valueless, decaying form of rotten, useless garbage that could be collected to make this place detestable. Beneath all this there lay the bones of that keen and witty face, the dust of that lean and pampered body. It was very shocking. There might not be much to like in this man; perhaps there was nothing but his genius to admire in him; but still this was very dreadful. A common paltry head-stone with a wretched vulgar inscription put up by two strangers (free-masons), and even this not certainly above the grave where the unfortunate gentleman lay; for it merely stated that his remains were buried "near this place," and left it to be inferred that the grave had been for some time left without any mark at all, so that when the stone *was* raised at last, it had become difficult to know (to a yard or two) where to put it!

The effect of this termination to their expedition upon the minds of the two gentlemen, who had come to this graveyard in expectation of finding something so utterly different, was a very marked one. It showed itself in a long, long silence, and when this was at length broken the two friends spoke at first in an under tone little above a whisper. The tall man stood by at a little distance, slowly rubbing his hands in a deprecatory manner, which seemed to say, "Yes; I know that this is not satisfactory, but it is not my fault, gentlemen—is it?"

"And so," said Mr. Mathews at length, in a hoarse whisper, "and so the fashionable people, who could send eight or ten invitations a day to the great man who is buried in this hole, cared, in reality, so little about him that they could not manage among them to erect a decent monument to his memory, to follow him to the grave in decent numbers, or to pay the bell-ringers to toll the bell for a decent number of minutes."

"It is pretty obvious that they asked him simply because he amused them, and that he left neither respect nor love behind him," said Mr. Fudge.

"I can fancy," Mr. Mathews went on to say, "the small amount of sensation made at the time by his death. I can fancy some man coming to announce it to an assembly of wits and belles of the period, saying,

"I hear that the ingenious Mr. Sterne hath departed this life."

"And left a plentiful crop of debts behind him," says Lady Betty.

"They do tell me," continues the first speaker, "that there is not wherewithal to pay for his funeral, or the rent of his lodgings in Bond Street."

"He was, indeed, shamefully extravagant and selfish," says somebody else.

"And little mindful of his duties as a clergyman," puts in another."

"And then I can fancy," continued the imaginative Mr. Mathews; "I can fancy a certain just and merciful personage who has been sitting by, and who all this time has been swaying his body backwards and forwards, and making many uncouth sounds as if about to speak. I can imagine his bursting out at last:—

"Sir, sir, let us hear no more of this. This disparagement of the dead is mighty offensive."

The tall man in the dress coat, who has drawn nearer when Mr. Mathews began to speak, seems vastly interested in this imaginary dialogue, which was given latterly in a loud key. He is evidently much disappointed at Mr. Mathews' next remark.

"This is very shocking," says that gentleman. "Let us go."

"By all means," answers Mr. Fudge, with astonishing alacrity.

The tall man is evidently sorry to lose these two gentlemen, and to be left to the deadly solitude in which he lives. He presses other graves upon their attention, is liberal in his offer of interesting epitaphs, and will, especially, scarcely take "no" for an answer in the matter of Sir Thomas Picton. But

it is getting dark, and Mr. Fudge is especially resolved on flight. They reach once more the chapel which looks like a coach-house, and Mr. Fudge has his hand upon the lock to let himself out, when the tall man makes a last attempt. "The monument of Mrs. Radcliffe," he says, or rather sighs in the distance.

"No," shudders Mr. Fudge, who has by this time rushed into the Bayswater Road. "No—an east wind—the evening closing in—nearly dark—a tall thin man in a swallow-tailed coat—a burying ground—and the tomb of Ann Radcliffe—these things taken all together would be more than mortal nerves could stand."

A curious circumstance in connexion with the subject of the foregoing paper has just been brought before the notice of the writer. In the life of Edmond Malone, by Sir James Prior, which has recently appeared, there occurs the following paragraph, bearing reference to Lawrence Sterne:—

"He was buried in a grave-yard near Tyburn, belonging to the parish of Marylebone, and the corpse, being marked by some of the resurrection men (as they are called), was taken up soon afterward, and carried to an anatomy professor of Cambridge. A gentleman who was present at the dissection, told me he recognised Sterne's face the moment he saw the body."

It would surely be very interesting if any light could be thrown on this mysterious affair. The body of the unfortunate Mr. Sterne was but a poor prize for purposes of dissection. He speaks of his spider legs himself, and the portrait and description of him give one the idea of a lean and emaciated presence. Can any one tell who was this anatomy professor of Cambridge, who had so ardent a desire to examine Sterne's remains that he employed resurrection men to exhume the deceased gentleman's body? Is there any one at Cambridge who could afford information on this subject? It must at least be possible to find out who were the

anatomy professors at the University in the year of Sterne's decease.

It would, indeed, be a curious thing, if the information contained in the above-quoted paragraph should really prove to be true; and it would add one more ghastly element to the already

melancholy tale of Sterne's death and burial, if we should ascertain that the body which was deposited in the grave with so small an amount of ceremonial, was not even allowed to rest there, but was handed over to the surgeons after all.

THE BOUNDARIES OF SCIENCE.

A DIALOGUE.

Philocalos. Philaethes.

Philoc. So, Philaethes, it is true that you are a convert to this new theory! You are a believer in a doctrine which makes the struggle of a selfish competition the sole agency in nature—which, taking one of the most unfortunate, if inevitable, results of an old civilization, transfers it to that world where we hoped to find a beauty and order to which civilization has not yet attained! Poets have spoken of the face of nature as serene and tranquil; you paint it scarred by conflict and furrowed by sordid care! You turn the pure stream where we have been accustomed to find the reflection of heaven, into a turbid current where we can perceive nothing but the dark hues of earth!

Philal. If I did not happen to know what book you had been reading, my dear Philocalos, I should have some difficulty in guessing your meaning. Not that you can have read much of any book so widely removed from all your subjects of interest.

Philoc. That a man feels but slight interest in tracing the ramifications of science is no proof that he may not wish to ascend to the fountain head. I confess, however, that I did not read the whole book,—that I did not master all the details, but I made out quite enough of the scope of each chapter to leave little room for doubt as to the general purport of the whole work. And have I misrepresented it in what I said just now?

Philal. That may admit of question; it is not a theory which can be fairly judged from a single point of view. But if I, looking at the theory in a different light, learn from it to regard the strife which unquestionably exists in nature as the fire in which her masterpieces are to be tested, her failures destroyed, will you deny that this is also a fair version of the author's doctrine?

Philoc. I should not need to do so in order to justify my horror of such a creed. For, Philaethes, on this hypothesis, selfishness and progress are inseparably linked. Every self-sacrificing impulse, every generous care for the sick or infirm, every pause in the selfish struggle for ascendancy, are so many drags on the wheels of progress; and if that day ever arrives on earth when the love of self shall be swallowed up in wider and deeper love,—then those wheels will be finally arrested. The death of selfishness will be the barrier beyond which the human race will remain for ever stationary.

Philal. You overlook considerations which materially interfere with the operation of the principle in regard to man.

Philoc. I am astonished at such hesitation in one of your logical mind! What does the theory make of man but a superior vertebrate animal?

Philal. Do you not see that a discussion concerning the tools of the builder

affords no legitimate inference as to the plan of the architect?—that an examination of the workshop of nature includes no notice of the models which have been set before her to copy?

Philoc. The workshop of nature! Is that the quarter to which we should look for the origin of man?

Philal. The very point I am so anxious to impress upon you. I look to the plan of the architect for the origin of a house, not to the tools of the builder.

Philoc. Are we then twice removed from our Creator? Is creation so analogous to the laborious efforts of man?

Philal. Let me answer you in the words of Bacon: "For as in civil actions 'he is the greater and deeper politique' that can make other men the instruments of his will and ends, and yet 'never acquaint them with his purpose, . . . so is the wisdom of God more 'admirable when nature intendeth one thing, and Providence draweth forth 'another, than if He had communicated 'to particular creatures and motions 'the characters and impressions of His 'providence.

Philoc. But, tell me, how does your view of the theory admit of the exception which you claim for the case of man?

Philal. Because I believe it to be part of the plan of man laid down by the great Architect, that there should be that within him which, holding communion with the supernatural, raises him above the influence of mere natural powers.

Philoc. And does not that very fact supply a confutation of the theory? Nature, working by a system of antagonistic influences, produces an agent whose highest glory it is to set those influences at defiance. The typical man—the highest ideal of manhood—acts upon motives not only different from, but utterly opposed to those which have made him what he is. Must there not be some flaw in the premisses from which such a conclusion may be derived?

Philal. I see no *reductio ad absurdum*

in your inference. In crossing the barrier which separates matter from spirit, you introduce a new element, to which the former grounds of reasoning will no longer apply.

Philoc. But is it true that the theory of natural selection does apply to material creation alone? It professes, at least, to account for instinct; and it must be admitted that instinct and reason blend insensibly into each other. How then is it possible to draw any line which shall cut off man from the influences which have been omnipotent over his ancestors?

Philal. My dear Philocalos, I am far from asserting that that objection is unimportant; but I want you to feel that, in making it, you are transplanting the discussion to a region where the author of the hypothesis is not bound to follow you. All that he is bound to do, is to show that his hypothesis supplies an adequate explanation of all facts lying within the science which it professes to explain. For him to adjust it to other views of truth, would be as if the maker of this microscope had endeavoured to contrive such a combination of lenses as should allow of its being used, under certain circumstances, as a telescope. We may rest assured that, in the one case, our knowledge of the stars and the infusoria would suffer equally; and in the other, that we should have a medley of very poor moral philosophy, and very poor natural science.

Philoc. Without being prepared with a logical reply to such a vindication, I must confess that kind of argument is always unsatisfactory to me. It seems to me like saying that a certain proposition may be true in one language and not in another; surely, Truth is one harmonious whole.

Philal. Your objection is one with which I have the greatest sympathy. No doubt all the lines of Truth converge, but it is at too small an angle, and too vast a distance, for us to be able in all cases to perceive the tendency to unite. Moreover, it is the indispensable requisite of the man of science—not that he should ignore or forget this com-

munity of direction in all the clues of Truth—but that he renounce any attempt at making his own investigations subordinate to the proof of that conclusion.] I do not decide whether such a subject is capable of proof; I only say that, when the student of physical science undertakes it, he is renouncing his own proper study as effectually as the pilot who should attempt to decide on the most favourable market for the goods with which his vessel is freighted. I must repeat in another form what I said just now.

You know it is a law of physiology that, as any animal ascends in the scale of being, all its organs become more and more specialized to their peculiar functions. Thus, the four hands of the monkey are used indifferently as organs of prehension or locomotion, while in man, at the summit of the scale, each function has its proper organ exclusively appropriated to it. Now this fact is the expression of a law which is universal. No machine which is adapted to two purposes will fulfil either of them so perfectly as one which should be constructed solely with a view to that one. No man who combines the professions of a lawyer and a physician will make so able a lawyer, so skilful a physician, as one who should have devoted his life to the study of either profession. And science, believe me, is not less exacting than physic or law. The researches of the man of science must not be cramped by fears of trespassing on the entangled boundary of a neighbouring domain. If he allow his course to be broken by claims on behalf of a superior authority to exclusive occupancy of the ground, not only will the powers be distracted which, when in perfect harmony, are not more than adequate to the work before them—not only will his step be feeble and uncertain on his own special province, but his conviction of the harmony of the creation will be destroyed; the suspicion, fatal to all science, will be forced upon him, that truth can ever be inconsistent with truth.

Philoc. Of course, truth can never be inconsistent with truth, but a partial

view of truth may be inconsistent with the whole. The statement of one fact, apart from others, may give as false an impression as the sense of sight might give of the external world, if it could not be corrected by that of touch.

Philal. But you do not, therefore, attempt to make the eye the medium of touch. You do not suppose there can be such a thing as an excess of sight. The impressions of the external world are truest when all the senses are in their fullest exercise, and, even if some are absent or feeble, you gain nothing by diminishing the rest. I do not cease to see that round table oblong when I look at it obliquely, by becoming short-sighted.

Philoc. What I cannot agree to, is that parcelling-out of truth into divisions, between which no communication is possible; least of all, when the instance is one which concerns the nature of man. That any ingenuous mind should deny an antagonism between his spiritual nature and any hypothesis which ignores his distinct creation—this I cannot readily believe.

Philal. There is an antagonism, I believe, in *all* the views of man's spiritual and physical nature. Let me illustrate what I mean by a fact of my own experience.

I have often thought, as I stood beside a death-bed—still more, when I was consulted by a patient for whom I foresaw that death-bed within the space of a few months—how strange is the opposition between the spiritual and bodily life of man. I see a fellow-creature on the point of being submitted to the most momentous change, but wholly ignorant of the brief period still allowed for preparation. To me, the contracted limits of the course by which my patient is separated from the great ordeal is matter of absolute certainty. And yet that knowledge, which for myself I should desire above many added years of life, I must not only *not* communicate to the one so deeply interested, but (within the limit of actual deception) studiously withhold. I have undertaken to give advice with

reference to bodily health, and I feel, as I suppose you would feel in my place, no hesitation as to the neglect of any consideration, however superior in intrinsic importance, calculated to interfere with the object concerning which my advice is sought.

Philoc. No doubt you are called in as a physician, and you must not, as an honest man, act as a priest.

Philal. You have expressed in a few words the substance of what I have been urging all along. You cannot, then, ask of the physician, in a larger sense, to act otherwise than as a physician?

Philoc. If, only, he does not forget that the priest has his appointed part also!

Philal. There is the danger of my profession, and still more that of my fellow-students. I do not underrate it. But, just as I am certain that, in a world of order and law, it must be better for the whole being of man that one class should attend exclusively to his physical sufferings, so I believe that it is advantageous to truth, that one set of thinkers should attend exclusively to physical truths.

Philoc. Oh, Philaethes, I cannot answer such arguments otherwise than by the protest of my whole nature! If the study of the creation is to lead us away from the Creator; if the observation of law obliterates the view of the Lawgiver; if "ex majore lumine natare et reseratione viarum sensus aliquid incredulitatis et noctis animis nostris erga divina mysteria obortur;" then, I can only say, the sooner that study is abandoned, the sooner that path is closed, the better.

Philal. A danger which I and my fellow-students cannot contemplate too anxiously! But for you, and men of your tastes and interests, it is needful to look to the other side of the question. You, who look at nature simply for the beauty of nature, have you ever reflected what a different world you would inhabit but for the labours of the man of science? I am not, of course, speaking of material advantage. But take the

oldest and most complete of the sciences—astronomy, and compare the objects which every night presents to our eyes, as seen with and without its illumination. What were they to the eye of the wisest man of antiquity? Read the description of the eight whorls of the distaff of the universe, in the Republic of Plato, and remember that where he saw this confusion of concentric whorls and unknown impulses, you explore depths of space the remoteness of which thought refuses to conceive, and find those abysses filled with innumerable worlds, moved by the same power which detaches the withered leaf from its stalk, which moulds the faintest streak of vapour that we can scarcely distinguish against the sky. That he needed no such symbol as the law of gravitation to embody a conviction of one ruling power which

"Spreads undivided, operates unspent"—

I readily believe; but, having that inward conviction, do we gain nothing by the outward type? In one word, does it make no difference whether we are shackled by a delusion of man, or in contact with an idea of God? Now this Divine idea is to you, and to men far less scientific than you, a material of thought, a belief which there is no more choice about receiving than there is about breathing oxygen. What was confused and indistinct to the finest genius of antiquity is orderly and harmonious to the most ordinary mind of to-day. I do not say that the deep significance of the law which is thus revealed to us is appreciated by every one who even reflects upon it; but I do assert that no mind can receive so grand an idea, even partially, without being in some degree enlarged by it, even if they do not see in it, what it seems to me to contain, a type and prophecy of the obedience which man shall yield to his Creator when harmony with the will of the Creator shall become the triumphant motive of his whole being, and law shall reign as certainly over every movement of his spirit, as over the orbits of the planets.

Philoc. But that idea is no offspring of science, Philalethes.

Philal. Not the idea, but the symbol in which it is embodied.

Philoc. But it is exactly that habit of mind, that readiness to find the spiritual in the material, that seems to me wanting in scientific men. They look at, not through, the window.

Philal. The window is their work. What lies beyond is without the boundaries of science. The tendency of early science is to forget those boundaries; the science of our day, in guarding perhaps too anxiously against this error, refuses to take cognizance of what lies beyond them. I anticipate for the maturity of thought a combination of what is right in both these tendencies, as I hope in my own age, to return to what was most precious in the feelings of the child, without losing anything of what was gained by the experience of the man. Meantime, do not forget that our debt is not small to those scientific men who possess least of this spirit—who would regard any inclination to look

upon the material world as the expression and symbol of the spiritual, as mere idle dreaming. You owe them this, that, while they spend laborious years in the painful elaboration of some new view of nature, they are translating for you a symbol, in which you may be most certain no conception of their own has mingled. If the result of their operations contain an element so carefully eliminated from the crucible in which the fusion was made, we may be perfectly certain that that element was a constituent part of the original materials.

Philoc. But tell me how you would reconcile with other and more important views of truth any theory which makes man the product of the lower tendencies of the animal world? Suppose it granted that the author of such a hypothesis is not bound to follow me to that ground, still, as I know *you* must be ready to take that point of view, do you not refuse to accompany me there.

Philal. On a future occasion I shall be very happy to do so.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XIX.

A PROMISE OF FAIRER WEATHER.

ALL dwellers in and about London are, alas, too well acquainted with that never-to-be-enough-hated change which we have to undergo once at least in every spring. As each succeeding winter wears away, the same thing happens to us.

For some time we do not trust the fair lengthening days, and cannot believe that the dirty pair of sparrows who live opposite our window are really making love and going to build, notwithstanding all their twittering. But morning after morning rises fresh and gentle; there is no longer any vice in the air; we drop our over-coats; we rejoice in the green

shoots which the privet hedge is making in the square garden, and hail the returning tender-pointed leaves of the plane trees as friends; we go out of our way to walk through Covent Garden market to see the ever-brightening show of flowers from the happy country.

This state of things goes on sometimes for a few days only, sometimes for weeks, till we make sure that we are safe for this spring at any rate. Don't we wish we may get it! Sooner or later, but sure—sure as Christmas bills, or the income-tax, or anything, if there be anything, surer than these—comes the morning when we are suddenly conscious as soon as we rise that there is something the matter. We do not feel comfortable in our clothes; nothing tastes quite as it

should at breakfast; though the day looks bright enough, there is a fierce dusty taint about it as we look out through windows, which no instinct now prompts us to throw open, as it has done every day for the last month.

But it is only when we open our doors and issue into the street, that the hateful reality comes right home to us. All moisture, and softness, and pleasantness has gone clean out of the air since last night; we seem to inhale yards of horse-hair instead of satin; our skins dry up; our eyes, and hair, and whiskers, and clothes are soon filled with loathsome dust, and our nostrils with the reek of the great city. We glance at the weather-cock on the nearest steeple and see that it points N.E. And so long as the change lasts we carry about with us a feeling of anger and impatience as though we personally were being ill-treated. We could have borne with it well enough in November; it would have been natural, and all in the day's work, in March; but now, when Rotten-row is beginning to be crowded, when long lines of pleasure-vans are leaving town on Monday mornings for Hampton Court or the poor remains of dear Epping Forest, when the exhibitions are open or about to open, when the religious public is up, or on its way up, for May meetings, when the Thames is already sending up faint warnings of what we may expect as soon as his dirty old life's blood shall have been thoroughly warmed up, and the Ship, and Trafalgar, and Star and Garter are in full swing at the antagonist poles of the cockney system, we do feel that this blight which has come over us and everything is an insult, and that while it lasts, as there is nobody who can be made particularly responsible for it, we are justified in going about in general disgust, and ready to quarrel with anybody we may meet on the smallest pretext.

This sort of east-windy state is perhaps the best physical analogy for that mental one in which our hero now found himself. The real crisis was over; he had managed to pass through the eye of the storm, and drift for the present at

least into the skirts of it, where he lay rolling under bare poles, comparatively safe, but without any power as yet to get the ship well in hand, and make her obey her helm. The storm might break over him again at any minute, and would find him almost as helpless as ever.

For he could not follow Drysdale's advice at once, and break off his visits to "The Choughs" altogether. He went back again after a day or two, but only for short visits; he never stayed behind now after the other men left the bar, and avoided interviews with Patty alone as diligently as he had sought them before. She was puzzled at his change of manner, and, not being able to account for it, was piqued, and ready to revenge herself and pay him out in the hundred little ways which the least practised of her sex know how to employ for the discipline of any of the inferior or trousered half of the creation. If she had been really in love with him, it would have been a different matter; but she was not. In the last six weeks she had certainly often had visions of the pleasures of being a lady and keeping servants, and riding in a carriage like the squires' and rectors' wives and daughters about her home. She had a liking, even a sentiment for him, which might very well have grown into something dangerous before long; but as yet it was not more than skin deep. Of late, indeed, she had been much more frightened than attracted by the conduct of her admirer, and really felt it a relief, notwithstanding her pique, when he retired into the elder brother sort of state. But she would have been more than woman if she had not resented the change; and so, very soon the pangs of jealousy were added to his other troubles. Other men were beginning to frequent "The Choughs" regularly. Drysdale, besides dividing with Tom the prestige of being an original discoverer, was by far the largest customer. St. Cloud came, and brought Chanter with him, to whom Patty was actually civil, not because she liked him at all, but because she saw that it made Tom furious. Though he could not fix

on any one man in particular, he felt that mankind in general were gaining on him. In his better moments indeed he often wished that she would take the matter into her own hands and throw him over for good and all; but keep away from the place altogether he could not, and often, when he fancied himself on the point of doing it, a pretty toss of her head or kind look of her eyes would scatter all his good resolutions to the four winds.

And so the days dragged on, and he dragged on through them; hot fits of conceit alternating in him with cold fits of despondency and mawkishness and discontent with everything and everybody, which were all the more intolerable from their entire strangeness. Instead of seeing the bright side of all things, he seemed to be looking at creation through yellow spectacles, and saw faults and blemishes in all his acquaintance which had been till now invisible.

But, the more he was inclined to depreciate all other men, the more he felt that there was one to whom he had been grossly unjust. And, as he recalled all that had passed, he began to do justice to the man who had not flinched from warning him and braving him, who he felt had been watching over him, and trying to guide him straight when he had lost all power or will to keep straight himself.

From this time the dread increased on him lest any of the other men should find out his quarrel with Hardy. Their utter ignorance of it encouraged him in the hope that it might all pass off like a bad dream. While it remained a matter between them alone, he felt that all might come straight, though he could not think how. He began to loiter by the entrance of the passage which led to Hardy's rooms; sometimes he would find something to say to his scout or bedmaker which took him into the back regions outside Hardy's window, glancing at it sideways as he stood giving his orders. There it was, wide open, generally—he hardly knew whether he hoped to catch a glimpse of the owner, but he did hope that Hardy might hear his

voice. He watched him in chapel and hall furtively, but constantly, and was always fancying what he was doing and thinking about. Was it as painful an effort to Hardy, he wondered, as to him to go on speaking, as if nothing had happened, when they met at the boats, as they did now again almost daily (for Diogenes was bent on training some of the torpids for next year), and yet never to look one another in the face; to live together as usual during part of every day, and yet to feel all the time that a great wall had arisen between them, more hopelessly dividing them for the time than thousands of miles of ocean or continent?

Amongst other distractions which Tom tried at this crisis of his life, was reading. For three or four days running he really worked hard—very hard, if we were to reckon by the number of hours he spent in his own rooms over his books with his oak sported,—hard, even though we should only reckon by results. For, though scarcely an hour passed that he was not balancing on the hind legs of his chair with a vacant look in his eyes, and thinking of anything but Greek roots or Latin constructions, yet on the whole he managed to get through a good deal, and one evening, for the first time since his quarrel with Hardy, felt a sensation of real comfort—it hardly amounted to pleasure—as he closed his Sophocles some hour or so after hall, having just finished the last of the Greek plays which he meant to take in for his first examination. He leaned back in his chair and sat for a few minutes, letting his thoughts follow their own bent. They soon took to going wrong, and he jumped up in fear lest he should be drifting back into the black stormy sea in the trough of which he had been labouring so lately, and which he felt he was by no means clear of yet. At first he caught up his cap and gown as though he were going out. There was a wine party at one of his acquaintance's rooms; or he could go and smoke a cigar in the pool room, or at any one of a dozen other places. On second

thoughts, however, he threw his academics back on to the sofa, and went to his book-case. The reading had paid so well that evening that he resolved to go on with it. He had no particular object in selecting one book more than another, and so took down carelessly the first that came to hand.

It happened to be a volume of Plato, and opened of its own accord in the *Apology*. He glanced at a few lines. What a flood of memories they called up! This was almost the last book he had read at school; and teacher, and friends, and lofty oak-shelved library stood out before him at once. Then the blunders that he himself and others had made rushed through his mind, and he almost burst into a laugh as he wheeled his chair round to the window, and began reading where he had opened, encouraging every thought of the old times when he first read that marvellous defence, and throwing himself back into them with all his might. And still, as he read, forgotten words of wise comment, and strange thoughts of wonder and longing, came back to him. The great truth which he had been led to the brink of in those early days rose in all its awe and all its attractiveness before him. He leant back in his chair, and gave himself up to his thought; and how strangely that thought bore on the struggle which had been raging in him of late; how an answer seemed to be trembling to come out of it to all the cries, now defiant, now plaintive, which had gone up out of his heart in this time of trouble! For his thought was of that spirit, distinct from himself, and yet communing with his inmost soul, always dwelling in him, knowing him better than he knew himself, never misleading him, always leading him to light and truth, of which the old philosopher spoke. "The old heathen, Socrates, did actually believe that—there can be no question about it," he thought, "Has not the testimony of the best men through these two thousand years borne witness that he was right—that he did not believe a lie? That was what we were told. Surely I don't mistake! Were

we not told, too, or did I dream it, that what was true for him is true for every man—for me? That there is a spirit dwelling in me, striving with me, ready to lead me into all truth if I will submit to his guidance?"

"Ay! submit, submit, there's the rub! Give yourself up to his guidance! Throw up the reins, and say, you've made a mess of it. Well, why not? Haven't I made a mess of it? Am I fit to hold the reins?"

"Not I," he got up and began walking about his rooms, "I give it up."

"Give it up!" he went on presently; "yes, but to whom? Not to the demon, spirit, whatever it was, who took up his abode in the old Athenian—at least so he said, and so I believe. No, no! Two thousand years and all that they have seen have not passed over the world to leave us just where he was left. We want no *dæmons* or spirits. And yet the old heathen was guided right, and what can a man want more? and who ever wanted guidance more than I now—here—in this room—at this minute? I give up the reins; who will take them?" And so there came on him one of those seasons when a man's thoughts cannot be followed in words. A sense of awe came on him, and over him, and wrapped him round; awe at a presence of which he was becoming suddenly conscious, into which he seemed to have wandered, and yet which he felt must have been there, around him, in his own heart and soul, though he knew it not. There was hope and longing in his heart mingling with the fear of that presence, but withal the old reckless and daring feeling which he knew so well, still bubbling up untamed, untamable it seemed to him.

The room stifled him now; so he threw on his cap and gown, and hurried down into the quadrangle. It was very quiet; probably there were not a dozen men in college. He walked across to the low dark entrance of the passage which led to Hardy's rooms, and there paused. Was he there by chance, or was he guided there? Yes, this was the right way for him, he had no doubt now as to

that; down the dark passage, and into the room he knew so well—and what then? He took a short turn or two before the entrance. How could he be sure that Hardy was alone? And, if not, to go in would be worse than useless. If he were alone, what should he say? After all, *must* he go in there? was there no way but that?

The college clock struck a quarter to seven. It was his usual time for "The Choughs;" the house would be quiet now; was there not one looking out for him there who would be grieved if he did not come? After all, might not that be his way, for this night at least? He might bring pleasure to one human being by going there at once. That he knew; what else could he be sure of?

At this moment he heard Hardy's door open, and a voice saying, "Good night," and the next Grey came out of the passage, and was passing close to him.

"Join yourself to him." The impulse came so strongly into Tom's mind this time, that it was like a voice speaking to him. He yielded to it, and, stepping to Grey's side, wished him good evening. The other returned his salute in his shy way, and was hurrying on, but Tom kept by him.

"Have you been reading with Hardy?"

"Yes."

"How is he? I have not seen anything of him for some time."

"Oh, very well, I think," said Grey, glancing sideways at his questioner, and adding, after a moment, "I have wondered rather not to see you there of late."

"Are you going to your school?" said Tom, breaking away from the subject.

"Yes, and I am rather late; I must make haste on; good night."

"Will you let me go with you to-night? It would be a real kindness. Indeed," he added, as he saw how embarrassing his proposal was to Grey, "I will do whatever you tell me—you don't know how grateful I shall be to you. Do let me go—just for to-night. Try me once."

Grey hesitated, turned his head sharply once or twice as they walked on together, and then said with something like a sigh—

"I don't know, I'm sure. Did you ever teach in a night-school?"

"No, but I have taught in the Sunday-school at home sometimes. Indeed, I will do whatever you tell me."

"Oh! but this is not at all like a Sunday-school. They are a very rough, wild lot."

"The rougher the better," said Tom; "I shall know how to manage them then."

"But you must not really be rough with them."

"No, I won't; I didn't mean that," said Tom hastily, for he saw his mistake at once. "I shall take it as a great favour, if you will let me go with you to-night. You won't repent it, I'm sure."

Grey did not seem at all sure of this, but saw no means of getting rid of his companion, and so they walked on together and turned down a long narrow court in the lowest part of the town. At the doors of the houses labouring men, mostly Irish, lounged or stood about, smoking and talking to one another, or to the women who leant out of the windows, or passed to and fro on their various errands of business or pleasure. A group of half-grown lads were playing at pitch-farthing at the farther end, and all over the court were scattered children of all ages, ragged and noisy little creatures most of them, on whom paternal and maternal admonitions and cuffs were constantly being expended, and to all appearances in vain.

At the sight of Grey a shout arose amongst the smaller boys, of "Here's the teacher!" and they crowded round him and Tom as they went up the court. Several of the men gave him a half-sultry half-respectful nod, as he passed along, wishing them good evening. The rest merely stared at him and his companion. They stopped at a door which Grey opened, and led the way into the passage of an old tumble-down cottage, on the ground floor of which were two low rooms which served for the school-rooms.

A hard-featured, middle-aged woman, who kept the house, was waiting, and said to Grey, "Mr. Jones told me to say, sir, he would not be here to-night, as he has got a bad fever case—so you was to take only the lower classes, sir, he said; and the policeman would be near to keep out the big boys if you wanted him; shall I go and tell him to step round, sir?"

Grey looked embarrassed for a moment, and then said, "No, never mind, you can go;" and then turning to Tom, added, "Jones is the curate; he won't be here to-night; and some of the bigger boys are very noisy and troublesome, and only come to make a noise. However, if they come we must do our best."

Meantime, the crowd of small ragged urchins had filled the room, and were swarming on to the benches and squabbling for the copy-books which were laid out on the thin desks. Grey set to work to get them into order, and soon the smallest were draughted off into the inner room with slates and spelling-books, and the bigger ones, some dozen in number, settled to their writing. Tom seconded him so readily, and seemed so much at home, that Grey felt quite relieved.

"You seem to get on capitally," he said; "I will go into the inner room to the little ones, and you stay and take these. There are the class-books when they have done their copies," and so went off into the inner room and closed the door.

My readers must account for the fact as they please; I only state that Tom, as he bent over one after another of the pupils, and guided the small grubby hands, which clutched the inky pens with cramped fingers, and went spluttering and blotching along the lines of the copy-books, felt the yellow scales dropping from his eyes, and more warmth coming back into his heart than he had known there for many a day.

All went on well inside, notwithstanding a few small outbreaks between the scholars, but every now and then mud was thrown against the window, and

noises outside and in the passage threatened some interruption. At last, when the writing was finished, the copy-books cleared away, and the class-books distributed, the door opened, and two or three big boys of fifteen or sixteen lounged in, with their hands in their pockets and their caps on. There was an insolent look about them which set Tom's back up at once; however, he kept his temper, made them take their caps off, and, as they said they wanted to read with the rest, let them take their places on the benches.

But now came the tug of war. He could not keep his eyes on the whole lot at once, and, no sooner did he fix his attention on the stammering reader for the time being and try to help him, than anarchy broke out all round him. Small stones and shot were thrown about, and cries arose from the smaller fry, "Please, sir, he's been and poured some ink down my back," "He's stole my book, sir," "He's gone and stuck a pin in my leg." The evil-doers were so cunning that it was impossible to catch them; but, as he was hastily turning in his own mind what to do, a cry arose, and one of the benches went suddenly over backwards on to the floor, carrying with it its whole freight of boys, except two of the bigger ones, who were the evident authors of the mishap.

Tom sprang at the one nearest him, seized him by the collar, hauled him into the passage, and sent him out of the street-door with a sound kick; and then, rushing back, caught hold of the second, who went down on his back and clung round Tom's legs, shouting for help to his remaining companions, and struggling and swearing. It was all the work of a moment, and now the door opened, and Grey appeared from the inner room. Tom left off hauling his prize towards the passage, and felt and looked very foolish.

"This fellow, and another whom I have turned out, upset that form with all the little boys on it," he said apologetically.

"It's a lie, 'twasn't me," roared the captive, to whom Tom administered a

sound box on the ear, while the small boys, rubbing different parts of their bodies, chorused, "'Twas him, teacher, 'twas him," and heaped further charges of pinching, pin-sticking, and other atrocities on him.

Grey astonished Tom by his firmness. "Don't strike him again," he said. "Now, go out at once, or I will send for your father." The fellow got up, and, after standing a moment and considering his chance of successful resistance to physical force in the person of Tom, and moral in that of Grey, slunk out. "You must go too, Murphy," went on Grey to another of the intruders.

"Oh, your honour, let me bide. I'll be as quiet as a mouse," pleaded the Irish boy; and Tom would have given in, but Grey was unyielding.

"You were turned out last week, and Mr. Jones said you were not to come back for a fortnight."

"Well, good night to your honour," said Murphy, and took himself off.

"The rest may stop," said Grey. "You had better take the inner room now; I will stay here."

"I'm very sorry," said Tom.

"You couldn't help it; no one can manage those two. Murphy is quite different, but I should have spoiled him if I had let him stay now."

The remaining half hour passed off quietly. Tom retired into the inner room, and took up Grey's lesson, which he had been reading to the boys from a large Bible with pictures. Out of consideration for their natural and acquired restlessness, the little fellows, who were all between eight and eleven years old, were only kept sitting at their pot-hooks and spelling for the first hour, and then were allowed to crowd round the teacher, who read and talked to them and showed them the pictures. Tom found the Bible open at the story of the prodigal son, and read it out to them as they clustered round his knees. Some of the outside ones fidgeted about a little, but those close round him listened with ears, and eyes, and bated breath; and two little blue-eyed boys without shoes—their ragged clothes

concealed by long pinafores which their widowed mother had put on clean to send them to school in—leaned against him and looked up in his face, and his heart warmed to the touch and the look. "Please, teacher, read it again," they said when he finished; so he read it again, and sighed when Grey came in and lighted a candle (for the room was getting dark) and said it was time for prayers.

A few collects, and the Lord's Prayer, in which all the young voices joined, drowning for a minute the noises from the court outside, finished the evening's schooling. The children trooped out, and Grey went to speak to the woman who kept the house. Tom, left to himself, felt strangely happy, and, for something to do, took the snuffers and commenced a crusade against a large family of bugs, who, taking advantage of the quiet, came cruising out of a crack in the otherwise neatly papered wall. Some dozen had fallen on his spear when Grey re-appeared, and was much horrified at the sight. He called the woman, and told her to have the hole carefully fumigated and mended.

"I thought we had killed them all long ago," he said; "but the place is tumbling down."

"It looks well enough," said Tom.

"Yes, we have it kept as tidy as possible. It ought to be at least a little better than what the children see at home." And so they left the school and court and walked up to college.

"Where are you going?" Tom said, as they entered the gate.

"To Hardy's rooms; will you come?"

"No, not to-night," said Tom, "I know that you want to be reading; I should only interrupt."

"Well, good-night then," said Grey, and went on, leaving Tom standing in the porch. On the way up from the school he had almost made up his mind to go to Hardy's rooms that night. He longed, and yet feared to do so; and, on the whole, was not sorry for an excuse. Their first meeting must be alone, and it would be a very embarrassing one for him at any rate. Grey, he hoped, would

tell Hardy of his visit to the school, and that would show that he was coming round, and make the meeting easier. His talk with Grey, too, had removed one great cause of uneasiness from his mind. It was now quite clear that he had no suspicion of the quarrel, and, if Hardy had not told him, no one else could know of it.

Altogether, he strolled into the quadrangle a happier and sounder man than he had been since his first visit to the Choughs, and looked up and answered with his old look and voice when he heard his name called from one of the first-floor windows.

The hailer was Drysdale, who was leaning out in lounging coat and velvet cap, and enjoying a cigar as usual, in the midst of the flowers of his hanging garden.

"You've heard the good news, I suppose?"

"No, what do you mean?"

"Why, Blake has got the Latin verse."

"Hurra! I'm so glad."

"Come up and have a weed." Tom ran up the staircase and into Drysdale's rooms, and was leaning out of the window at his side in another minute.

"What does he get by it?" he said, "do you know?"

"No, some books bound in Russia, I dare say, with the Oxford arms, and 'Dominus illuminatio mea' on the back."

"No money?"

"Not much—perhaps a ten'ner," answered Drysdale, "but no end of *σῦνός* I suppose."

"It makes it look well for his first, don't you think? But I wish he had got some money for it. I often feel very uncomfortable about that bill, don't you?"

"Not I, what's the good? It's nothing when you are used to it. Besides, it don't fall due for another month."

"But if Blake can't meet it then?" said Tom.

"Well, it will be vacation, and I'll trouble greasy Benjamin to catch me then."

"But you don't mean to say you won't pay it?" said Tom in horror.

"Pay it! You may trust Benjamin for that. He'll pull round his little usuries somehow."

"Only we have promised to pay on a certain day, you know."

"Oh, of course, that's the form. That only means that he can't pinch us sooner."

"I do hope, though, Drysdale, that it will be paid on the day," said Tom, who could not quite swallow the notion of forfeiting his word, even though it were only a promise to pay to a scoundrel.

"All right. You've nothing to do with it, remember. He won't bother you. Besides, you can plead infancy, if the worst comes to the worst. There's such a queer old bird gone to your friend Hardy's rooms."

The mention of Hardy broke the disagreeable train of thought into which Tom was falling, and he listened eagerly as Drysdale went on.

"It was about half an hour ago. I was looking out here, and saw an old fellow come hobbling into quad on two sticks, in a shady blue uniform coat and white trousers. The kind of old boy you read about in books, you know: Commodore Trunnion, or Uncle Toby, or one of that sort. Well, I watched him backing and fling about the quad, and trying one staircase and another; but there was nobody about. So down I trotted, and went up to him for fun, and to see what he was after. It was as good as a play, if you could have seen it. I was ass enough to take off my cap and make a low bow as I came up to him, and he pulled off his uniform cap in return, and we stood there bowing to one another. He was a thorough old gentleman, and I felt rather foolish for fear he should see that I expected a lark when I came out. But I don't think he had an idea of it, and only set my capping him down to the wonderful good manners of the college. So we got quite thick, and I piloted him across to Hardy's staircase in the back quad. I wanted him to come up and quench, but he declined, with many apologies. I'm sure he is a character."

"He must be Hardy's father," said Tom.

"I shouldn't wonder. But is his father in the navy?"

"He is a retired captain."

"Then no doubt you're right. What shall we do? Have a hand at picquet. Some men will be here directly. Only for love."

Tom declined the proffered game, and went off soon after to his own rooms, a happier man than he had been since his first night at the Choughs.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RECONCILIATION.

TOM rose in the morning with a presentiment that all would be over now before long, and, to make his presentiment come true, resolved, before night, to go himself to Hardy and give in. All he reserved to himself was the liberty to do it in the manner which would be least painful to himself. He was greatly annoyed, therefore, when Hardy did not appear at morning chapel; for he had fixed on the leaving chapel as the least unpleasant time in which to begin his confession, and was going to catch Hardy then, and follow him to his rooms. All the morning, too, in answer to his inquiries by his scout Wiggins, Hardy's scout replied that his master was out, or busy. He did not come to the boats, he did not appear in hall; so that, after hall, when Tom went back to his own rooms, as he did at once, instead of sauntering out of college, or going to a wine party, he was quite out of heart at his bad luck, and began to be afraid that he would have to sleep on his unhealed wound another night.

He sat down in an arm-chair, and fell to musing, and thought how wonderfully his life had been changed in these few short weeks. He could hardly get back across the gulf which separated him from the self who came back into those rooms after Easter, full of anticipations of the pleasures and delights of the coming summer term and vacation. To his own surprise he didn't seem much to regret the loss of his *châteaux en Espagne*, and felt a sort of grim satisfaction in their utter overthrow.

While occupied with these thoughts, he heard talking on his stairs, accompanied by a strange lumbering tread. These came nearer; and at last stopped just outside his door, which opened in another moment, and Wiggins announced—

"Capturing Hardy, sir."

Tom jumped to his legs, and felt himself colour painfully. "Here, Wiggins," said he, "wheel round that arm-chair for Captain Hardy. I am so very glad to see you, sir," and he hastened round himself to meet the old gentleman, holding out his hand, which the visitor took very cordially, as soon as he had passed his heavy stick to his left hand, and balanced himself safely upon it.

"Thank you, sir; thank you," said the old man after a few moments' pause, "I find your companion ladders rather steep;" and then he sat down with some difficulty.

Tom took the Captain's stick and undress cap, and put them reverentially on his sideboard; and then, to get rid of some little nervousness which he couldn't help feeling, bustled to his cupboard, and helped Wiggins to place glasses and biscuits on the table. "Now, sir, what will you take? I have port, sherry, and whiskey here, and can get you anything else. Wiggins, run to Hinton's and get some dessert."

"No dessert, thank you, for me," said the Captain; "I'll take a cup of coffee, or a glass of grog, or anything you have ready. Don't open wine for me, pray, sir."

"Oh, it is all the better for being opened," said Tom, working away at a bottle of sherry with his corkscrew—"and, Wiggins, get some coffee and anchovy toast in a quarter of an hour; and just put out some tumblers and toddy ladles, and bring up boiling water with the coffee."

While making his hospitable preparations, Tom managed to get many side-glances at the old man, who sat looking steadily and abstractedly before him into the fireplace, and was much struck and touched by the picture. The sailor

wore a well-preserved old undress uniform coat and waistcoat, and white drill trousers; he was a man of middle height, but gaunt and massive, and Tom recognised the framework of the long arms and grand shoulders and chest which he had so often admired in the son. His right leg was quite stiff from an old wound on the kneecap; the left eye was sightless, and the scar of a cut-las travelled down the drooping lid and on to the weather-beaten cheek below. His head was high and broad, his hair and whiskers silver white, while the shaggy eyebrows were scarcely grizzled. His face was deeply lined, and the long clean-cut lower jaw, and drawn look about the mouth, gave a grim expression to the face at the first glance, which wore off as you looked, leaving, however, on most men who thought about it, the impression which fastened on our hero, "An awkward man to have met at the head of boarders towards the end of the great war."

In a minute or two Tom, having completed his duties, faced the old sailor, much reassured by his covert inspection; and, pouring himself out a glass of sherry, pushed the decanter across, and drank to his guest.

"Your health, sir," he said, "and thank you very much for coming up to see me."

"Thank *you*, sir," said the Captain, rousing himself and filling, "I drink to you, sir. The fact is, I took a great liberty in coming up to your rooms in this off hand way, without calling or sending up, but you'll excuse it in an old sailor." Here the captain took to his glass, and seemed a little embarrassed. Tom felt embarrassed also, feeling that something was coming, and could only think of asking how the captain liked the sherry. The captain liked the sherry very much. Then, suddenly clearing his throat, he went on. "I felt, sir, that you would excuse me, for I have a favour to ask of you." He paused again, while Tom muttered something about great pleasure, and then went on.

"You know my son, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir; he has been my best friend

up here; I owe more to him than to any man in Oxford."

The Captain's eye gleamed with pleasure as he replied, "Jack is a noble fellow, Mr. Brown, though I say it who am his father. I've often promised myself a cruise to Oxford since he has been here. I came here at last yesterday, and have been having a long yarn with him. I found there was something on his mind. He can't keep anything from his old father: and so I drew out of him that he loves you as David loved Jonathan. He made my old eye very dim while he was talking of you, Mr. Brown. And then I found that you two are not as you used to be. Some coldness sprung up between you; but what about I couldn't get at! Young men are often hasty—I know I was, forty years ago—Jack says he has been hasty with you. Now, that boy is all I have in the world, Mr. Brown. I know my boy's friend will like to send an old man home with a light heart. So I made up my mind to come over to you and ask you to make it up with Jack. I gave him the slip after dinner and here I am."

"Oh, sir, did he really ask you to come to me?"

"No, sir," said the Captain, "he did not—I'm sorry for it—I think Jack must be in the wrong, for he said he had been too hasty, and yet he wouldn't ask me to come to you and make it up. But he is young, sir; young and proud. He said he couldn't move in it, his mind was made up; he was wretched enough over it, but the move must come from you. And so that's the favour I have to ask, that you will make it up with Jack. It isn't often a young man can do such a favour to an old one—to an old father with one son. You'll not feel the worse for having done it, if it's ever so hard to do, when you come to be my age." And the old man looked wistfully across the table, the muscles about his mouth quivering as he ended.

Tom sprang from his chair, and grasped the old sailor's hand, as he felt the load pass out of his heart. "Favour,

sir!" he said, "I have been a mad fool enough already in this business—I should have been a double-dyed scoundrel, like enough, by this time but for your son, and I've quarrelled with him for stopping me at the pit's mouth. Favour! If God will, I'll prove somehow where the favour lies, and what I owe to him; and to you, sir, for coming to me to-night. Stop here two minutes, sir, and I'll run down and bring him over."

Tom tore away to Hardy's door and knocked. There was no pausing in the passage now. "Come in." He opened the door but did not enter, and for a moment or two could not speak. The rush of associations which the sight of the well-known old rickety furniture, and the figure which was seated, book in hand, with its back to the door and its feet up against one side of the mantelpiece, called up, choked him.

"May I come in?" he said at last.

He saw the figure give a start, and the book trembled a little, but then came the answer, slow but firm—

"I have not changed my opinion."

"No; dear old boy, but I have," and Tom rushed across to his friend, dearer than ever to him now, and threw his arm round his neck; and, if the un-English truth must out, had three parts of a mind to kiss the rough face which was now working with strong emotion.

"Thank God!" said Hardy, as he grasped the hand which hung over his shoulder.

"And now come over to my rooms; your father is there waiting for us."

"What, the dear old governor? That's what he has been after, is it? I couldn't think where he could have hove to, as he would say."

Hardy put on his cap, and the two hurried back to Tom's rooms, the lightest hearts in the University of Oxford.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN HARDY ENTERTAINED BY
ST. AMBROSE.

THERE are moments in the life of the most self-contained and sober of us all,

when we fairly bubble over, like a full bottle of champagne with the cork out; and this was one of them for our hero, who, however, be it remarked, was neither self-contained nor sober by nature. When they got back to his rooms, he really hardly knew what to do to give vent to his lightness of heart; and Hardy, though self-contained and sober enough in general, was on this occasion almost as bad as his friend. They rattled on, talking out the thing which came uppermost, whatever the subject might chance to be; but, whether grave or gay, it always ended after a minute or two in jokes not always good, and chaff, and laughter. The poor captain was a little puzzled at first, and made one or two endeavours to turn the talk into improving channels. But very soon he saw that Jack was thoroughly happy, and that was always enough for him. So he listened to one and the other, joining cheerily in the laugh whenever he could; and, when he couldn't catch the joke, looking like a benevolent old lion, and making as much belief that he *had* understood it all as the simplicity and truthfulness of his character would allow.

The spirits of the two friends seemed inexhaustible. They lasted out the bottle of sherry which Tom had uncorked, and the remains of a bottle of his famous port. He had tried hard to be allowed to open a fresh bottle, but the captain had made such a point of his not doing so, that he had given in for hospitality's sake. They lasted out the coffee and anchovy toast; after which the captain made a little effort at moving, which was supplicatingly stopped by Tom.

"Oh, pray don't go, Captain Hardy. I haven't been so happy for months. Besides, I must brew you a glass of grog. I pride myself on my brew. Your son there will tell you that I am a dead hand at it. Here, Wiggins, a lemon!" shouted Tom.

"Well, for once in a way, I suppose. Eh, Jack?" said the captain, looking at his son.

"Oh yes, father. You mayn't know

it Brown, but, if there is one thing harder to do than another, it is to get an old sailor like my father to take a glass of grog at night."

The captain laughed a little laugh, and shook his thick stick at his son, who went on.

"And as for asking him to take a pipe with it—"

"Dear me," said Tom, "I quite forgot. I really beg your pardon, Captain Hardy;" and he put down the lemon he was squeezing, and produced a box of cigars.

"It's all Jack's nonsense, sir," said the captain, holding out his hand, nevertheless, for the box.

"Now, father, don't be absurd," interrupted Hardy, snatching the box away from him. "You might as well give him a glass of absinthe. He is churchwarden at home, and can't smoke anything but a long clay."

"I'm very sorry I haven't one here, but I can send out in a minute." And Tom was making for the door to shout for Wiggins.

"No, don't call. I'll fetch some from my rooms."

When Hardy left the room, Tom squeezed away at his lemon, and was preparing himself for a speech to Captain Hardy full of confession and gratitude. But the captain was before him, and led the conversation into a most unexpected channel.

"I suppose, now, Mr. Brown," he began, "you don't find any difficulty in construing your Thucydides?"

"Indeed I do, sir," said Tom, laughing. "I find him a very tough old customer, except in the simplest narrative."

"For my part," said the captain, "I can't get on at all, I find, without a translation. But you see, sir, I had none of the advantages which you young men have up here. In fact, Mr. Brown, I didn't begin Greek till Jack was nearly ten years old." The captain in his secret heart was prouder of his partial victory over the Greek tongue in his old age, than of his undisputed triumphs over the French in his youth, and was not averse to talking of it.

"I wonder that you ever began it at all, sir," said Tom.

"You wouldn't wonder if you knew how an uneducated man like me feels, when he comes to a place like Oxford."

"Uneducated, sir!" said Tom. "Why your education has been worth twice as much, I'm sure, as any we get here."

"No, sir; we never learnt anything in the navy when I was a youngster, except a little rule-of-thumb mathematics. One picked up a sort of smattering of a language or two knocking about the world, but no grammatical knowledge, nothing scientific. If a boy doesn't get a method, he is beating to windward in a crank craft all his life. He hasn't got any regular place to stow away what he gets into his brains, and so it lies tumbling about in the hold, and he loses it, or it gets damaged and is never ready for use. You see what I mean, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir. But I'm afraid we don't all of us get much method up here. Do you really enjoy reading Thucydides now, Captain Hardy?"

"Indeed I do, sir, very much," said the Captain. "There's a great deal in his history to interest an old sailor, you know. I dare say, now, that I enjoy those parts about the sea-fights more than you do." The Captain looked at Tom as if he had made an audacious remark.

"I am sure you do, sir," said Tom, smiling.

"Because you see, Mr. Brown," said the Captain, "when one has been in that sort of thing oneself, one likes to read how people in other times managed, and to think what one would have done in their place. I don't believe that the Greeks just at that time were very resolute fighters, though. Nelson or Collingwood would have finished that war in a year or two."

"Not with triremes, do you think, sir?" said Tom.

"Yes, sir, with any vessels which were to be had," said the Captain. "But you are right about triremes. It has always been a great puzzle to me how those triremes could have been

worked. How do you understand the three banks of oars, Mr. Brown?"

"Well, sir, I suppose they must have been one above the other somehow."

"But the upper bank must have had oars twenty feet long and more in that case," said the Captain. "You must allow for leverage, you see."

"Of course, sir. When one comes to think of it, it isn't easy to see how they were manned and worked," said Tom.

"Now my notion about triremes—" began the Captain, holding the head of his stick with both hands, and looking across at Tom.

"Why, father!" cried Hardy, returning at the moment with the pipes, and catching the Captain's last word, "on one of your hobby horses already! You're not safe!—I can't leave you for two minutes. Here's a long pipe for you. How in the world did he get on triremes?"

"I hardly know," said Tom, "but I want to hear what Captain Hardy thinks about them. You were saying, sir, that the upper oars must have been twenty feet long at least."

"My notion is—" said the Captain, taking the pipe and tobacco-pouch from his son's hand.

"Stop one moment," said Hardy; "I found Blake at my rooms, and asked him to come over here. You don't object?"

"Object, my dear fellow! I'm much obliged to you. Now, Hardy, would you like to have any one else? I can send in a minute."

"No one, thank you."

"You won't stand on ceremony now, will you, with me?" said Tom.

"You see I haven't."

"And you never will again?"

"No, never. Now, father, you can leave ahead about those oars."

The Captain went on charging his pipe, and proceeded: "You see, Mr. Brown, they must have been at least twenty feet long, because, if you allow the lowest bank of oars to have been three feet above the water-line, which even Jack thinks they must have been—"

"Certainly. That height at least to do any good," said Hardy.

"Not that I think Jack's opinion worth much on the point," went on his father.

"It's very ungrateful of you, then, to say so, father," said Hardy, "after all the time I've wasted trying to make it all clear to you."

"I don't say that Jack's is not a good opinion on most things, Mr. Brown," said the Captain; "but he is all at sea about triremes. He believes that the men of the uppermost bank rowed somehow like lightermen on the Thames, walking up and down."

"I object to your statement of my faith, father," said Hardy.

"Now you know, Jack, you have said so, often."

"I have said they must have stood up to row, and so—"

"You would have had awful confusion, Jack. You must have order between decks when you're going into action. Besides, the rowers had cushions."

"That old heresy of yours again."

"Well, but Jack, they *had* cushions. Didn't the rowers who were marched across the Isthmus to man the ships which were to surprise the Piræus, carry their oars, thongs, and cushions?"

"If they did, your conclusion doesn't follow, father, that they sat on them to row."

"You hear, Mr. Brown," said the Captain; "he admits my point about the cushions."

"Oh father, I hope you used to fight the French more fairly," said Hardy.

"But, didn't he? Didn't Jack admit my point?"

"Implicitly, sir, I think," said Tom, catching Hardy's eye, which was dancing with fun.

"Of course he did. You hear that, Jack. Now my notion about triremes—"

A knock at the door interrupted the captain again, and Blake came in and was introduced.

"Mr. Blake is almost our best scholar, father; you should appeal to him about the cushions."

"I am very proud to make your

acquaintance, sir," said the captain; "I have heard my son speak of you often."

"We were talking about triremes," said Tom; "Captain Hardy thinks the oars must have been twenty feet long."

"Not easy to come forward well with that sort of oar," said Blake; "they must have pulled a slow stroke."

"Our torpid would have bumped the best of them," said Hardy.

"I don't think they could have made more than six knots," said the captain; "But yet they used to sink one another, and a light boat going only six knots couldn't break another in two amidships. It's a puzzling subject, Mr. Blake."

"It is, sir," said Blake; "if we only had some of their fo'castle songs we should know more about it. I'm afraid they had no Dibdin."

"I wish you would turn one of my father's favourite songs into anapaests for him," said Hardy.

"What are they?" said Blake.

"'Tom Bowling,' or 'The wind that blows, and the ship that goes, and the lass that loves a sailor.'"

"By the way, why shouldn't we have a song?" said Tom. "What do you say, Captain Hardy?"

The captain winced a little as he saw his chance of expounding his notion as to triremes slipping away, but answered,

"By all means, sir; Jack must sing for me, though. Did you ever hear him sing 'Tom Bowling'?"

"No, never, sir. Why, Hardy, you never told me you could sing."

"You never asked me," said Hardy, laughing; "but, if I sing for my father, he must spin us a yarn."

"Oh yes; will you, sir?"

"I'll do my best, Mr. Brown; but I don't know that you'll care to listen to my old yarns. Jack thinks everybody must like them as well as he, who used to hear them when he was a child."

"Thank you, sir; that's famous—now Hardy, strike up."

"After you. You must set the example in your own rooms."

So Tom sang his song. And the noise brought Drysdale and another man up,

who were loitering in quad on the lookout for something to do. Drysdale and the Captain recognised one another, and were friends at once. And then Hardy sang "Tom Bowling," in a style which astonished the rest not a little, and as usual nearly made his father cry; and Blake sang, and Drysdale, and the other man. And then the captain was called on for his yarn; and, the general voice being for "something that had happened to him," "the strangest thing that had ever happened to him at sea," the old gentleman laid down his pipe and sat up in his chair with his hands on his stick and began.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

It will be forty years ago next month since the ship I was then in came home from the West Indies station, and was paid off. I had nowhere in particular to go just then, and so was very glad to get a letter, the morning after I went ashore at Portsmouth, asking me to go down to Plymouth for a week or so. It came from an old sailor, a friend of my family, who had been Commodore of the fleet. He lived at Plymouth; he was a thorough old sailor—what you young men would call 'an old salt'—and couldn't live out of sight of the blue sea and the shipping. It is a disease that a good many of us take who have spent our best years on the sea. I have it myself—a sort of feeling that we must be under another kind of Providence, when we look out and see a hill on this side and a hill on that. It's wonderful to see the trees come out and the corn grow, but then it doesn't come so home to an old sailor. I know that we're all just as much under the Lord's hand on shore as at sea; but you can't read in a book you haven't been used to, and they that go down to the sea in ships, they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. It isn't their fault if they don't see His wonders on the land so easily as other people.

But, for all that, there's no man enjoys a cruise in the country more than a sailor. It's forty years ago since I started for Plymouth, but I haven't forgotten

the road a bit, or how beautiful it was; all through the New Forest, and over Salisbury Plain, and then on by the mail to Exeter, and through Devonshire. It took me three days to get to Plymouth, for we didn't get about so quick in those days.

The Commodore was very kind to me when I got there, and I went about with him to the ships in the bay, and through the dock-yard, and picked up a good deal that was of use to me afterwards. I was a lieutenant in those days, and had seen a good deal of service, and I found the old Commodore had a great nephew whom he had adopted, and had set his whole heart upon. He was an old bachelor himself, but the boy had come to live with him, and was to go to sea; so he wanted to put him under some one who would give an eye to him for the first year or two. He was a light slip of a boy then, fourteen years old, with deep set blue eyes and long eyelashes, and cheeks like a girl's, but as brave as a lion and as merry as a lark. The old gentleman was very pleased to see that we took to one another. We used to bathe and boat together; and he was never tired of hearing my stories about the great admirals, and the fleet, and the stations I had been on.

Well, it was agreed that I should apply for a ship again directly, and go up to London with a letter to the Admiralty from the Commodore, to help things on. After a month or two I was appointed to a brig, lying at Spithead; and so I wrote off to the Commodore, and he got his boy a midshipman's berth on board, and brought him to Portsmouth himself, a day or two before we sailed for the Mediterranean. The old gentleman came on board to see his boy's hammock slung, and went below into the cockpit to make sure that all was right. He only left us by the pilot-boat, when we were well out in the Channel. He was very low at parting from his boy, but bore up as well as he could; and we promised to write to him from Gibraltar, and as often afterwards as we had a chance.

I was soon as proud and fond of little Tom Holdsworth as if he had been my

own younger brother; and, for that matter, so were all the crew, from our captain to the cook's boy. He was such a gallant youngster, and yet so gentle. In one cutting-out business we had, he climbed over the boatswain's shoulders, and was almost first on deck; how he came out of it without a scratch I can't think to this day. But he hadn't a bit of bluster in him, and was as kind as a woman to any one who was wounded or down with sickness.

After we had been out about a year we were sent to cruise off Malta, on the look-out for the French fleet. It was a long business, and the post wasn't so good then as it is now. We were sometimes for months without getting a letter, and knew nothing of what was happening at home, or anywhere else. We had a sick time too on board, and at last he got a fever. He bore up against it like a man, and wouldn't knock off duty for a long time. He was midshipman of my watch; so I used to make him turn in early, and tried to ease things to him as much as I could; but he didn't pick up, and I began to get very anxious about him. I talked to the doctor, and turned matters over in my own mind, and at last I came to think he wouldn't get any better unless he could sleep out of the cockpit. So, one night, the 20th of October it was—I remember it well enough, better than I remember any day since; it was a dirty night, blowing half a gale of wind from the southward, and we were under close-reefed topsails—I had the first watch, and at nine o'clock I sent him down to my cabin to sleep there, where he would be fresher and quieter, and I was to turn into his hammock when my watch was over.

I was on deck three hours or so after he went down, and the weather got dirtier and dirtier, and the scud drove by, and the wind sang and hummed through the rigging—it made me melancholy to listen to it. I could think of nothing but the youngster down below, and what I should say to his poor old uncle if anything happened. Well, soon after midnight I went down and turned into his hammock. I didn't go to sleep

at once, for I remember very well listening to the creaking of the ship's timbers as she rose to the swell, and watching the lamp, which was slung from the ceiling, and gave light enough to make out the other hammocks swinging slowly all together. At last, however, I dropped off, and I reckon I must have been asleep about an hour, when I woke with a start. For the first moment I didn't see anything but the swinging hammocks and the lamp; but then suddenly I became aware that some one was standing by my hammock, and I saw the figure as plainly as I see any one of you now, for the foot of the hammock was close to the lamp, and the light struck full across on the head and shoulders, which was all that I could see of him. There he was, the old Commodore; his grizzled hair coming out from under a red woollen night-cap, and his shoulders wrapped in an old threadbare blue dressing-gown which I had often seen him in. His face looked pale and drawn, and there was a wistful disappointed look about the eyes. I was so taken aback I couldn't speak, but lay watching him. He looked full at my face once or twice, but didn't seem to recognise me; and, just as I was getting back my tongue and going to speak, he said slowly: 'Where's Tom? this is his hammock. I can't see Tom;' and then he looked vaguely about and passed away somehow, but how I couldn't see. In a moment or two I jumped out and hurried to my cabin, but young Holdsworth was fast asleep. I sat down, and wrote down just what I had seen, making a note of the exact time, twenty minutes to two. I didn't turn in again, but sat watching the youngster. When he woke I asked him if he had heard anything of his great uncle by the last mail. Yes, he had heard; the old gentleman was rather feeble, but nothing particular the matter. I kept my own counsel and never told a soul in the ship; and, when the mail came to hand a few days afterwards with a letter from the Commodore to his nephew, dated late in September, saying that he was well, I thought the figure by my hammock must have been all my own fancy.

However, by the next mail came the news of the old Commodore's death. It had been a very sudden break-up, his executor said. He had left all his property, which was not much, to his great-nephew, who was to get leave to come home as soon as he could.

The first time we touched at Malta Tom Holdsworth left us, and went home. We followed about two years afterwards, and the first thing I did after landing was to find out the Commodore's executor. He was a quiet, dry little Plymouth lawyer, and very civilly answered all my questions about the last days of my old friend. At last I asked him to tell me as near as he could the time of his death; and he put on his spectacles, and got his diary, and turned over the leaves. I was quite nervous till he looked up and said,—“Twenty-five minutes to two, sir, A. M., on the morning of October 21st; or it might be a few minutes later.”

“How do you mean, sir?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, “it is an odd story. The doctor was sitting with me, watching the old man, and, as I tell you, at twenty-five minutes to two, he got up and said it was all over. We stood together, talking in whispers for, it might be, four or five minutes, when the body seemed to move. He was an odd old man, you know, the Commodore, and we never could get him properly to bed, but he lay in his red nightcap and old dressing-gown, with a blanket over him. It was not a pleasant sight, I can tell you, sir. I don't think one of you gentlemen, who are bred to face all manner of dangers, would have liked it. As I was saying, the body first moved, and then sat up, propping itself behind with its hands. The eyes were wide open, and he looked at us for a moment, and said slowly, ‘I've been to the Mediterranean, but I didn't see Tom.’ Then the body sank back again, and this time the old Commodore was really dead. But it was not a pleasant thing to happen to one, sir. I do not remember anything like it in my forty years' practice.”

To be continued.

THE ELDER'S DAUGHTER.

CAST her forth in her shame ;
 She is no daughter of mine ;
 We had an honest name,
 All of our house and line ;
 And she has brought us to shame.

What are you whispering there,
 Parleying with sin at the door ?
 I have no blessing for her ;
 She is dead to me evermore ;—
 Dead ! would to God that she were !

Dead ! and the grass o'er her head !
 There is no shame in dying :
 They were wholesome tears we shed
 Where all her little sisters are lying ;
 And the love of them is not dead.

I did not curse her, did I ?
 I meant not that, O Lord :
 We are cursed enough already ;
 Let her go with never a word :—
 I have blessed her often already.

You are the mother that bore her,
 I do not blame you for weeping ;
 They had all gone before her,
 And she had our hearts a-keeping ;
 And O the love that we bore her !

I thought that she was like you ;
 I thought that the light in her face
 Was the youth and the morning dew,
 And the winsome look of grace :
 But she was never like you.

Is the night dark and wild ?
 Dark is the way of sin—
 The way of an erring child,
 Dark without and within.—
 And tell me not she was beguiled.

What should beguile her, truly ?
 Did we not bless them both ?
 There was gold between them duly,
 And we blessed their plighted troth ;
 Though I never liked him truly.

Let us read a word from the Book ;
 I think that my eyes grow dim ;—
 She used to sit in the nook
 There by the side of him,
 And hand me the holy Book.

I wot not what ails me to-night,
 I cannot lay hold on a text.
 O Jesus ! guide me aright,
 For my soul is sore perplexed,
 And the book seems dark as the night.

And the night is stormy and dark ;
 And dark is the way of sin ;
 And the stream will be swollen too ;
 and hark
 How the water roars in the Lynn !—
 It's an ugly ford in the dark.

What did you say ? To-night
 Might she sleep in her little bed ?—
 Her bed so pure and white !
 How often I've thought and said
 They were both so pure and white.

But that was a lie—for she
 Was a whited sepulchre ;
 Yet O she was white to me,
 And I've buried my heart in her ;
 And it's dead wherever she be.

Nay, she never could lay her head
 Again in the little white room
 Where all her little sisters were laid ;
 She would see them still in the gloom,
 All chaste and pure—but dead.

We will go all together,
 She, and you, and I ;
 There's the black peat-hag 'mong the
 heather,
 Where we could all of us lie,
 And bury our shame together.

Any foul place will do
 For a grave to us now in our shame :—
 She may lie with me and you,
 But she shall not sleep with them,
 And the dust of my fathers too.

Is it sin, you say, I have spoken ?
 I know not ; my head feels strange ;
 And something in me is broken ;
 Lord, is it the coming change ?
 Forgive the word I have spoken.

I scarce know what I have said ;
 Was I hard on her for her fall ?
 That was wrong ; but the rest were dead,
 And I loved her more than them all—
 For she heired all the love of the dead.

One by one as they died,
 The love, that was owing to them,
 Centred on her at my side ;
 And then she brought us to shame,
 And broke the crown of my pride.

Lord, pardon mine erring child :
 Do we not all of us err ?
 Dark was my heart and wild ;
 O might I but look on her,
 Once more, my lost loved child.

For I thought, not long ago,
 That I was in Abraham's bosom,
 And she lifted a face of woe,
 Like some pale, withered blossom,
 Out of the depths below.

Do not say, when I am gone,
 That she brought my grey hairs to
 the grave ;
 Women do that ; but let her alone ;
 She'll have sorrow enough to brave ;
 That would turn her heart into stone.

Is that her hand in mine ?
 Now, give me thine, sweet wife :
 I thank thee, Lord, for this grace of
 thine,
 And light, and peace, and life ;
 And she is thine and mine.

ORWELL.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A good ruler but a bad general was Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick. The French defeated him at Auerstadt and Jena ; mortally wounded, he retired to his own territories (to die, but, being hunted out, took refuge within those of the Danish king. His enemies overran Brunswick and committed such dreadful excesses that the huzzars of Brunswick Oels, assuming a black uniform of perpetual mourning for their loss, signified a determination neither to give nor receive quarter by wearing on their shakoes a silver skull and cross-bones. They fulfilled the vow, and their hatred of the French was deepened by the death of the young Duke William Frederick, at Ligny, on the day before Waterloo. Mr. Millais has chosen for his contribution the parting of an officer of this famous corps of the Black-Brunswickers from his mistress. He insinuates a French leaning to her judgment by giving a French character to her face, and showing hung upon the wall of the room a print after

David's picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps". She would have him stay, not only as her lover, but as the opponent of her own party. For this she has interposed herself between him and the door,—standing up against his breast, she holds it back with one hand upon the lock, although he firmly strives to open it and leave her. For this the tears are ready to start under her broad eyelids, and for this she lays her head against his bosom ; her eyes are downcast, and her lips tremble with emotion—suppressed though evident. He looks at her depressed face, in pique averted from him, himself hurt that she owns not the call of duty he must obey.

"I could not love thee, deare, so much,
 Loved I not honour more"—

is the motto he might take from Lovelace's song. His will is stern and heart strong, and she does but make the duty painful by resisting. Maybe he feels that a political bias in-

fluences her conduct. Does this seem melodramatic, good reader—this story of vengeance, skulls, and cross-bones, and lovers' parting? Possibly it may to some who believe in no more earnest expression of passion than an operatic duet sung before the footlights. But let such sceptics see Millais' picture, and they will recognise more than the raptures of the kid-glove school. He has dealt with great wisdom upon the broad, bold, and blunt features of the German officer; the square forehead and knitted brow, the clear firm-set lips; the hair cut short giving a precision and rigidity to his face, which, brown but pale, typifies a resolute grief admirably. She too, with her French face, is half unworthy of such a lover, piqued and nigh fretful as she is. Passionate as a child, and unstable as water, she would stay his will with her prejudices. All this must strike the most unobservant as the converse of the motive of the "Huguenot"—to which this picture is a pendant. Let us think how the artist displays his knowledge of the heart in thus treating two allied subjects so diversely. In both the woman would save her lover, one by keeping him away from danger; the other, humbler and more devoted, bowing to the will of the strong-hearted man, strives only to gain him a little safety—only a little—with the badge of Guise! We are to suppose too that she is not aware of the Protestantism of her lover, at any rate that it is not *publicly* known; so she is tempting him to no overt dishonour—as she of the Black-Brunswicker does; therefore the entreaty of that sweet face, whose beauty men have not yet done justice to, because forsooth it is not tamely vacant of expression. The depth of her tenderness is very different from that passionate caprice of the lady of Brussels, who would not guard her lover, but rather lock him up out of the way of hurting or being hurt.

For technical merit this work is a triumph throughout. Getting over the difficulty of the mass of black in the soldier's uniform by any means would be

honourable to the painter, but every artist will appreciate the skill with which Millais has opposed this by a sudden contrast of the intense white of the lady's dress, so that they negative one another; then, to overcome the chill effect of both—having grouped round them warm greens of the wall-paper, *mauve* of the lady's shawl, and hot transparent brown of the polished mahogany door, white and black repeated in the print on the wall,—he adds the warm-tinted floor, the variety in unity of broken tints of warm or cold counterchanged upon the black and the white dress; lastly, the focalization of hot tint with crimson-scarlet of the broad arm-ribbon of the lady, and the subtle employment of downright cold blue in the braid running athwart the soldier's figure. We shall be told that these are technical subtleties people don't understand, but reply that they are *not* subtleties, but patent to the least taught eye. Colour is as much an art as music, being in fact to the eye what music is to the ear,—the expression of beauty—

"That may overtake far thought,
With music that it makes."

The time is rapidly coming when this will be understood, and critics no more omit to describe the colour of a picture—heart of art as it is—than they would the melody of a piece of music.

Mr. Frith's "Claude Duval" displays no such knowledge as Mr. Millais' work. Comparatively it is deficient in artistic power and feeling for the subject, relatively coarse as that is. Claude Duval, the highwayman, took a lady out of her coach and made her dance a coranto with him in the road while his companions rifled the equipage. His figure is stiff and angular, needs grace and spirit of action; that of the lady is much better; she looks pallid with fear, and trembling with suppressed anger. The group inside the coach is the best part of the picture; a masked ruffian enters it with a grin, demanding the occupiers' valuables. An old lady clasps her hands entreatingly, a younger one faints at the spectacle. An old man

sits bound by the roadside, after having struggled against the thieves.

Sir E. Landseer has outdone himself with his great picture, "A Flood in the Highlands." A torrent rushes through the village street, bearing large pine-trees torn up by the roots, and carried down from the bank above; these have fallen across a waggon, the horse of which struggles in the flood; some men on the roof of a cottage endeavour to save him by means of a rope, that stretched to the utmost does but check the speed. Immersed, and nigh spent, an ox has come driving full upon a cottage in the foreground, and with bloody nostrils and distended eyes, strives vainly to get footing for its hoofs. A goat whose eyes are glazing in death is swept down beside the larger beast, and will soon sink in the waves. Upon the roof of this last cottage, up to the very threshold of which the water flows, are gathered its inhabitants, a woman with her child, whom she has just taken from the cradle; and now, so ghastly is the spectacle of death presented by the drowning beasts before her that she lets even the infant lie scarce noticed on her lap. Glaring with rounded eyes of horror, and parted jaw, fixed wide in terror, with outthrust head, and body bowed, she stares, her forehead in deep lines, and her cheek hollowed out fearfully. The cradle is empty, the clothes tossed over; before it a sheep-dog, with pricked ears and quivering flanks, whimpers with fright. Behind her sits an old man, blind, scarce conscious, but mutely praying; by his side, a boy, dripping wet, clasps a puppy he has saved close to his chest; the boy is pallid-cheeked, and his eyes red. On a ladder, by which they have reached the roof, is a group of poultry, fussily troubled, and stupidly selfish. The cock roosts lazily; one of the hens in her nervous alarm—true bit of nature this—has laid an egg, which, falling on a lower step before a cat, astonishes her greatly, as, with curved tail, she rises to inspect it. Above the poultry, a mouse creeps upon the step, having judiciously put them between himself and

the cat. The trophies of the household, that have been saved as its palladium, lie heaped in front,—a brass-studded target, wherewith the old grandsire might have gone to battle in the '45; a heap of plaids, and triple case of Highland knives. Overhead the great pines roar in the wind's strife, bending their red branches like canes; black game, driven from the moors, cling there; and the wild grey clouds of storm hurry heavily over the scene of ruin. Close under the eaves of the cottage in front, a hare, borne down from the open, and sheltered from the force of the deluge by the slack-water, burrows fearfully in haste a way into the thatch of the habitation of its enemies; its ears are laid back, and the eyes, that Nature has made ever expressive of alarm, have now no meaning in them but the wild instinct of self-preservation. We have said the water has reached the cottage threshold, and it has flooded the interior. A flock of ducks swim before it. Over it is placed a board, with the inscription denoting the occupation of the inmates; thus:—

ALICK GORDON.

Upputting.

Stance mile East.

For the benefit of Southron readers, let us say that "upputting"—genuine old Saxon the Celtic proprietor has adopted—is equivalent to the offer of "beds." Does not promise good ones even; you may stop, and that is all; still less does it hold out hopes of "good entertainment for man and beast," so rife, but so seldom fulfilled, in the English villages. "Stance mile East," signifies that there is a mile-stone so placed. In the Highlands the primitive direction to travellers is by the points of the compass, and not "first turning to the right and third to the left," of the less intelligible English custom.

Mr. Elmore's picture, "The Tulleries, 20th June, 1792," has for subject Marie Antoinette before the mob. The lowest of the people have flooded the Palace; and, the Queen's attendants having brought her children, in order that their presence might protect their

mother, she, standing behind a large table, faces her enemies with the hereditary resolution of the Austrian race. This keeps down the manifestation of terror; and she is haughtily self-possessed enough, the inward dread showing itself alone in her sunk features, and eyelids that droop quiveringly. She has assumed the Republican cockade. The Dauphin sits upon the table's edge, clinging to his mother, wearing the red cap of liberty. Leaning by the side is her daughter, whom she clasps against her breast. Madame is nearer the window, far more terrified than she who is more in danger. Beyond the table is a hot crowd of urgent and shrieking women, and a few men, armed and unarmed. A withered hag vociferates loudly, snapping her lean talons at the Queen. The last has been impressed with the appearance of a younger woman who had been loudest of all. Remonstrating, she demanded what harm she had done the people, that they should hate her: "I was happy when you loved me." The woman addressed, who has a coarse beauty, moved by this, desisted, and now looks half regretfully upon the Queen. A more brutal girl rebukes such tenderness of heart, and urges further violence. The crowd sways, to and fro, jostling about, and, screaming oaths of vengeance, seems bent on destruction. In front of the table lies a gilded chair of state, broken to pieces; the gilded crown shattered upon its back. The whole picture is full of action and commotion, displays great variety of character and expression, and for execution is much superior to anything the artist has yet produced.

Contrasted to this in all respects is Mr. Dyce's "St. John leading Home his Adopted Mother." After the entombment, it is related that the "beloved" "took her to his own home." They move across the front of the picture, St. John leading the Virgin,—no lacrymose beauty, but a worn woman, past the prime of life, by the hand. His face, notwithstanding a certain asceticism of execution that makes it look peevish, is as beautiful as it should

be, his divided hair falling in equal masses on his shoulders, the features calm, pale, and regular; he moves erect and elastically, with a graceful mien, the loose robes flowing about him as he goes, his head bare. The Virgin's head is covered with a wimple; her sorrow-stricken face depressed, and head held sideways; her dress massed about her. Behind is seen the new tomb, two sitting at its entrance: from the gate of the inclosure two more depart; upon the horizon the sun of a summer dawn arises through a mass of purple cloud, throwing golden light upon the sepulchre; while Christ's mother and the "most loved" pace away from its radiance into the chilly shadow of the foreground. This foreground is elaborately and delicately wrought with weeds, grass, and herbage. The adoption of a system of execution like that of the early Italian school is not inapt to the subject.

"The Man of Sorrows," by this painter, shows Christ seated in the wilderness. This is an elaborately executed work, displaying far more power of colour than that above described. The landscape portion is delightfully faithful, and most tenderly treated; but the artist has, probably from a desire to show the universality of the motive he illustrates, chosen an English instead of an Eastern view, for his background. All the herbage is English; the sky, soft grey-blue, like an English sky. It may be that the face of the Redeemer lacks the dignity of resignation; but his action, seated upon a bank, with head downcast and hands strongly clasped upon his lap, is expressive, and admirably apt. Mr. Dyce's "View of Pegwell Bay," notwithstanding its extreme delicacy and careful treatment, from the want of due gradations of tone and breadth of effect, pleases us less than either of the before-named. Bits of nature, seen especially in the foreground rocks, glittering pools of water, and shining, saturated sand, are really delicious.

The scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," Petruchio overthrowing the

table, by Mr. Egg, is admirably full of action and character. The tamer has sprung from his seat, plunged the carving-fork into the joint of meat before him, holds it up so, brandishes the carving-knife, and looks melo-dramatic thunders at the waiting-men. Poor Katherine, bursting with wrath, and yet dismayed at the outrageous conduct of her master, knits her brows vainly, and would gladly escape. Her face is an admirable study of expression, not at all in the conventional style of character in which she is often represented, but showing a fresh conception of the character altogether. The execution is a little thin in some parts, as in the heads of two servants that are opposed to the light of an open window. This picture exhibits extremely fine qualities of colour, of a deep and vigorous kind; it is rich, without being hot or tawdry.

Mr. John Phillip's "*Marriage of the Princess Royal*" is a very fine work of its class. More has been made out of the subject than was to be expected from the constraints and inconveniences under which it must have been executed. The portraits are excellently done, and the row of rosy bridesmaids gives a peculiar charm to the work. A flood of rosy soft light seems to come out of them, doubtless indicative of the artist's intense satisfaction in dealing with anything so charming and so natural.

A long warm tract of moonlight in the sea, that goes rippling and gently heaving to afar off, where it is lost in the vapours of the mysterious horizon, over which the soft luminary's light casts a radiant veil,—the sky calm and still, and slow clouds travelling athwart it! A mild gentle wind like a sleeping pulse lifts the sail of an open boat, filling it in irregular puffs, but to collapse again, letting the cordage rattle softly. Three are seated in the boat. A young man, with large gaunt eyes fixed in thought, leans forward in his place, the long robes of a Greek of the later time folded about him, and his whole attitude bespeaking the feelings of one who had just seen a great horror, so great that he contem-

plates the impression on his brain again and yet again, as that of a spectacle that should never leave his sight. Beside him, and all at length upon the vessel's thwart, a woman leans back, her face upturned, regarding the sky vaguely and dreamily as that of one whose great dread was over, and now, exhausted with the suffering, yet feels a great happiness nigh within her grasp. Nearer to us, and facing them, so that her back is towards ourselves, sits a second woman, also young, holding a Greek lyre upon her knee, over whose strings from time to time her fingers go, bringing out a melancholy wail, like that of one who, saved in person, had yet lost that which was more than all. The lighted gloom of night above and around,—stillness, the lispings of the sea chattering by the keel! A few low notes of music, and the night-wind rustling in the sail! This is Mr. Poole's picture of "*Glauco, Nydia, and Ione escaping from Pompeii*." It is like a vision or a dream, the ecstatic fancy of an opium-eater in his narcotic sleep, just when the fervour of the drug is slaked and the procession of imagery takes pathetic and mournful phases. The wide and moonlit sea, and three escaping from a lava-burnt city; the darkness of preternatural night that had been instead of day. Thus they had left crowds, earthquake, fire, and falling rocks,—the ashes that made night, the crashing palaces, and the roaring, shrieking people,—to find themselves upon the open, secret sea, alone and silent under the weight of awe. Such is the impression excited by this singularly poetical work. Its sole intention has been to create an impression of something vaguely beautiful, undefined, vast, and dreamy. The figures are almost formless; the heads, technically speaking, are ill-drawn; the hands disproportionate; the very colour itself, upon which the whole impression is founded, will not bear examination or comparison with the simple prosaic truths of nature. Despite all this, the intense feeling of the artist has not failed to arouse a reciprocating sympathy in our own minds, and there is no painter, not even Land-

seer himself, whom we should miss more from his place on the wall than Paul Falconer Poole.

There is a great contrast to be found in the manner of treating a poetic subject, on comparison of this picture of the flight from Pompeii, by Poole, with that by the painter of the "Evening Sun," Mr. F. G. Danby. "Phœbus rising from the Sea," by the lustre of his first vivifying rays, through the drifting forms of a rolling wave, calls into worldly existence "The Queen of Beauty," which wordy title is in itself against the picture. The work is an attempt to express the antique classic feeling upon a representation of nature poetically conceived. It is dawn over the Greek sea,—a mass of golden clouds on the horizon are modelled into the shape of Phœbus and his car, and those attendants of the morning that ever dance before it. Farther off, and just lighted by the warm ray, is a cloudy Olympus, the gods sitting in council or banquet, for their whole forms are so vague and undetermined that it is difficult to determine which. It is a mere cloud-phantasm, such as the fancy feigns when idly gazing at the summer sky. The calm sea of the morning flows softly to the shore, and breaks in the gentlest waves upon a shell-strewn beach. Overhead is the argentine azure of day's new birth. Venus seated in a shell and a group of nymphs are on the shallows of the shore. But Mr. Danby has ruined the motive of his subject by treating it prosaically. The cloudy Olympus looks a sham beside the solid sand and multitude of sea-shells. Apollo and his horses affect us not, because they come in contact with the truthful and natural painting of the sea. The contrast jars between the realm of fact and that of imagination. The artist must convey the intended impression by means of one or the other alone; they are not to be mixed with impunity—hence the total failure of all pictures of dreams, except when ideally treated, as Rembrandt did that of Jacob. We cannot tolerate the figure of a sleeping man and a picture of his dream stuck in the sky: either

we are with the dreamer and unconscious of ourselves and the dream; or we see the dream alone, and our imagination must be content with the dream: no presentiment of both can exist together, but is repulsive to the feelings and the taste. Thus Mr. Danby has failed. His poetic Venus and cloud-realms above go down before the hard sand of the shore and dash of the sea-waves, and we are brought to see the bad drawing of the goddess herself, and distortions of the nymphs. We actually rejoice, so prosaic is the impression, that these queer females are near the shore, and not like to be drowned. Mr. Poole gives us nothing whatever of nature, but the brain-impression of a poetic instinct: we do not come in contact with substantial angles of fact, but drift with him into the region of fancy.

Placed upon the line, in a conspicuous position, is a picture by Mr. Solomon Hart, R.A., entitled "Sacred Music," No. 176, showing three vulgar women, all of whose faces are out of drawing; one singing, and two playing on mandolins. If such a picture as this is hung, what must have been those thousands that are annually rejected. Or, turn to another of Mr. Hart's pictures. It is considered imperative upon an artist, before he commences a picture, if it contains architecture, to acquaint himself with at least the leading principles of the construction and ornamentation of any style to be employed. If he paints from a particular locality, he must present us with something like a portrait of that place if existing; if not so, he must reconstruct it from authorities as well as he can. There is hardly any building of the middle ages that could be more easily reconstructed than old St. Paul's Cathedral; there are oceans of prints of it; descriptions and plans abound. Its history could be traced from decade to decade,—from completion to ruin in the Great Fire of London. Mr. Hart chooses a subject showing the interior of this building, "Archbishop Langton, after a Mass in old St. Paul's, conjuring the Earl of Pembroke and the Barons to extort from John

the Ratification of the Charter of Henry the First." Here is the primate and the barons, here the most beautiful of English cathedrals. Alas, Mr. Hart! is that the glorious rose-window men raved about; are these the piers of old St. Paul's? Indeed there is hardly one of them upright. Has the artist no more eye for beauty than to "do" them thus, devoid of carving, or of ornament, of proportion even? Are those the arches and that the groined roof above? The figures may be better, let us hope; so, look. Indeed, they are not quite so bad, and might stand, which the columns will hardly do; we see what the dresses are meant for in every quality but texture; and, although there is bad drawing in every one of them, yet nothing like so palpable an offence to the observer's taste as showing a cathedral without carvings and without colours, and in the state to which the iconoclasts, and the white-wash brushes of centuries of Deans and Chapters, have reduced the other glories of English architecture. Not less extraordinary and not less false is the flesh painting, or the surface of tinted chalk, for it is as dry as that, and as crude as a coarse system of handling can make it. Few of the faces are in better drawing in this picture than in the last. Mr. Hart is Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, a post at one time held, or rather we should say filled, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose mantle must be too small for his successor. If this gentleman had never painted better pictures than these pretentiously placed works, we should, notwithstanding his eminent position, have passed him over in silence. But Mr. Hart has done much better things than those he has exhibited of late years. A time was when he did not offend the public with ill-drawn and vulgar faces, and when at least he aimed at colour.

In the picture to which we have referred, the archbishop points eagerly to the roll of the Charter held by an attendant. Some of the barons attest their devotion to the cause by pledging themselves to Heaven; one kneels kissing his naked sword. Behind the arch-

bishop is a group of acolytes and several military vassals of the Church; one of the last is upon his knees, ardently kissing a reliquary containing bones. If the neglect of the most ordinary rules of art shown in the treatment of the architecture be not sufficient to convict this painter of the utmost indifference to public opinion, let the spectators examine the mail worn by the knights and barons. Any one who knows the peculiarly beautiful and delicate construction of this fabric will see at a glance that it is not the genuine mail, but rather a coarse imitation of it, probably obtained at a *costumier's*, and rendered with a careless hand in the picture. This is but a type of the treatment throughout.

Let us turn from these to the works of an artist who loves and understands nature, and renders for us all her beauties that the brush can render. We refer to those of Mr. Hook, four in number. Take, first, "Stand clear!"—a fisherman's boat coming ashore, leaping to the beach, as it were, the clear green sea's last wave curving out under her stem in a long bright arch that comes gently hissing from the shingle to fling itself impatiently forward. "Stand clear!" is the order to us on shore to avoid the rope that one of her crew casts to his mates that they may make her fast by it. It springs out of his hands in bold curves, and leaps before the boat. The fisherman himself, an old salt, stands up furling the sail; a boy sits upon the gunwale, just ready to drop into the water the instant she touches; another sits within, looking out for some one amongst the bystanders. There is a perfectly delightful expression on this lad's face. No painter understands more entirely the colour of a sea-bronzed face than Mr. Hook, or can give so well the salted briny look of an old sailor's skin, or the tawny gold seen in that of a smooth-faced lad which has been subjected to the same influences. "Whose Bread is on the Waters" is the title of another picture by this artist. A fisherman and a boy are in an open boat,

sturdily hauling in a net that comes up loaded with fish, whose glittering silver scales, fresh from the sea, sparkle on the brown cordage of the net like lustrous jewels. The boy pulls with a will, setting his foot against the boat's thwart; the man, stronger and more deliberate, gives a "dead haul." The sea is of deep fresh green, very different from the sea of painters generally, but sparkling and full of motion, intensely varied in colour, and displaying an amount of knowledge of nature that is delightful to contemplate, and one that all who love her will recognize with ever-increasing satisfaction. The way the waves rise and dash over, shows it is wind against tide, for their foamy little crests fall back into their own hollows; the turbulent tops of these waves, pettish as they seem to be, and hasty without force, and too small to be the cause of awe to us, shows a fine reticence of the artist's power. He does not care to bully our admiration out of us, but takes it captive with fidelity to nature. The sea, not angry now, is yet working up, and the sky above shows signs of a gale in its long-drawn clouds, purplish and deep grey. The brassy colour of the firmament, where the sun has just gone down, and a veil of shifting vapour above that melts the edges of the clouds into the luminous ether—these last, drawn to streaks—are signs of wind to come.

The waters dash crisply and freshly in the last-named pictures, but the artist's illustration to Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break,"—

"O, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"—

shows the calmest of calm seas, a silver sea, filled with subdued light, and seeming asleep in light, the long low billows that roll, not like waves that break and dash, but the heaving of a vast sheet of glittering waters, in shallow trenches, flat for miles, yet creeping and sweeping along in a restless heave, as the chest of one deep asleep moves gently to his breathing. Such the sea that is overhung with a misty veil; not lifting, be-

cause universal, and still, because there is not a breath of wind to find itself in this deep bay, whose air itself dozes over the waters at rest. The silent sleepy heat that holds the whole scene to this quiet, has drawn that dreaming misty veil from the sea, to overhang a hill; it wraps also the high, deep-verdured cliffs in the same delicate shade. All is asleep, and a silvery silence reigns. By some piles in the front floats a boat and a boy in it singing, his sister leaning backwards upon the gunwale, paddling her arm over the side in the water, that burns beneath the little craft with a deep vivid green, of the sunlight contrasted and concentrated through the translucent waters. The reflections of the piles tremble upon the water that stealthily creeps about them, making ring within ring at every slow heave, as it ascends the solid timber. So silent seems it all, that one might hear the boy's voice (he pours it out in a low monotonous sea song) even far off on the mist-veiled cliff. The bay is broken in two by a jutting point, telling of an estuary beyond, round which go the white glimmering sails of a barque, as she is borne in, not by the wind, for the canvas hangs useless from the yards, but by the tide alone that is setting inwards. The reader will see that our admiration for this picture is unbounded; indeed the poetic feeling needed to express the theme supplied by the Laureate's verses, is exquisitely rendered, and that moreover in the most loyal way the task could be executed—which is, representing natural thoughts, however refined, pathetic, and subtle they may be,—by the aid of most refined, pathetic, and subtle-meaning nature herself alone. A delightful pastoral, "The Valley in the Moor," is the remaining picture by this artist. It seems to us a little crude in green colour; but, notwithstanding, is very faithful as a portrait of nature.

Excepting these, which from their class we may rank with the landscapes, the best representation of nature is Mr. Anthony's "Hesperus," a large picture, showing a piece of open land under an evening sky, when the star named

reigns brightly, even in the lustre of a sunset. The sun has gone down behind the trees on the margin of the open country, and casts a soft crimson radiance upon the fleecy clouds that swim above; the air cool and bright and clear; the vegetation dark red with autumn tints, harmonising with the tawny brown of the stiff clay land, and orange of a gravel road over which passes a team and waggon. We commend to the observer's study the sky in all its delicate and beautiful colouring.

Mr. Dobson's picture of the Nativity, styled "Bethlehem," needs our attention. It shows some fine points of design, especially that of a kneeling shepherd; the infant Christ himself is charmingly treated, lying back playing with his fingers as infants will. In Mr. Simeon Solomon's "Moses," the mother of the deliverer of Israel is taking farewell of him before he is deposited among the bulrushes. The sister of Moses waits beside holding the basket, and, standing upright, peers over her mother's arm at the child. Their faces, although, it appears to us, a little too dark, are full of expression and characteristic tenderness. The colour throughout this picture is extremely good, the varying textures of the dresses excellently rendered, and the accessories all displaying thought and originality. "Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shurr," by Mr. F. Goodall, is a large work, representing an Arab sheikh addressing his tribe before they break up an encampment at the hills of Moses, on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. This is solidly and powerfully painted, has much variety of character in it, and appears to have been executed, either on the spot, direct from nature, or from faithful sketches of nature. Mr. John Brett's elaborate and delicate study from the margin of a plantation, where a hedger is mending a wattled fence, does him infinite honour for the care and fidelity with which he has rendered all the herbage and wild-flowers about. Some fine roses are delicious in colour and freshness; and, although believing the hyacinths that

are in the front to be a little positive in blue, we say so under the correction of so cunning a renderer of nature as the artist. This picture is styled, from the figure it contains, "The Hedger." Unquestionably this figure is thin in execution, and does not come out so solidly as it should.

Mr. A. Solomon's "Drowned, Drowned," is a large picture, showing the arrival of a party of rakes from a masquerade, in costume, at the foot of Waterloo Bridge, just as a waterman has rescued from the river the body of a girl, an unfortunate, who has cast herself away in despair. We are to suppose that the foremost of these men has been the cause of the wretched girl's ruin; and now, coming suddenly upon her corpse, thus dragged, foul and dripping, from the river, he stands aghast and horrified at the spectacle, checks instinctively the advance of a female companion, who, clinging to his arm, comes gaily along, heedless of her own fate. Behind is another man similarly accompanied, his companion coquetting with him. A policeman kneels before the dead girl, casting the light of his lanthorn on her face, so that it is clearly seen. The waterman points out to a bystander the place he brought the body out from, and is dilating upon the event and his own share in it especially. A girl with a basket of violets upon her head stands behind, looking commiseratingly upon the lost one. There is a fine perception of character shown in the treatment of this last figure. She is one of those hard women, whom misfortune has made undemonstrative, to say the least, if not cold-hearted; so she only stands by, and seems to give but a general look of sympathy to the spectacle before her. If the artist had treated this subject with more complete fidelity,—that is, actually painted the background on the spot it represents, and heedfully rendered the locality, and, above all, the effect of cold early dawn rising over the city, the awful stillness of which would have given a solemnity to the event,—we should have had a far more moving picture than the present,

which has undeniably been executed in the studio, and therefore does not render the subtler qualities of nature, which, rightly rendered, would have been an immense help to the motive of the whole. As it is, the picture is grimy rather than forceful, and heavy rather than clear. This prosaic method of working has, in short, injured the poetry of the subject.

The omission of the two upper rows of pictures from this gallery is really a great improvement, and gives a notable appearance of size to the rooms. Pictures placed on those rows of yore could never be seen, and were ever the misery of their painters, who, naturally enough, complained bitterly of the result of their confidence in the justice of the hangers. The very small number of miniatures also is a novelty, which we fear tells of

the havoc made by photography amongst the professors of the agreeable little art. The Octagon Room contains only prints. Among the sculptures, Baron Marochetti's "Portrait—marble statuette" of a child, although not particularly original in design, has a manly breadth of treatment about it that is agreeable. Mr. Thomas Woolner's bust of Sir William Hooker is a noble specimen of artistic skill in the very highest order of art—faithful, finished, naturalistic, yet delicate and vigorous to an unequalled degree. The same artist's three medallion portraits of Messrs. Norman, Crawford, and A. A. Knox, are fine examples of sound treatment. Mr. A. Munro has several portraits in marble, displaying his usual pleasing and graceful style of execution.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN AND MR. WILSON.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

A GRAVE event has befallen India—the gravest, I believe, in its consequences, whether for good or evil, that has happened since the rebellion. A Governor, who promised to show himself the best that has ruled in that country since the days of Lord William Bentinck, whose trusted subordinate he was once, has been, through his own indiscretion, suddenly recalled, and is believed to have anticipated that recall by resignation.

Through his own indiscretion. There is no blinking the fact. As Governor of Madras, Sir Charles Trevelyan was subordinate to the Council of the Governor-General of India, sitting at Calcutta. A financial scheme for all India had been put forth publicly, in a speech of great power, by a gentleman sent out from this country for the express purpose of taking charge of Indian finance, and a bill founded on that scheme had been introduced, with the sanction of the Governor-General, into the Legislative Council. Sir Charles Trevelyan, deeming that scheme and

bill mischievous and fatal as respects the Presidency over which he was Governor, not only remonstrated against it, and drew up a scheme on wholly opposite principles, which he embodied in a minute, and which obtained the assent of his colleagues, members of the Madras Council, but, without consulting them, without previous sanction from his official superiors, on his sole responsibility, sent that minute to the public press. Nor is it possible to deny that in the tone of the minute, as well as in the fact of its publication, there is much that is inconsistent with the requirements of public duty.

But there is a discretion which may lose a country. There is an indiscretion which may save it. I believe that Sir Charles Trevelyan's indiscretion was such. I need not say I am sure, had he not believed this, he never would have committed it.

Let us look the fact in the face. It is proposed to impose at once three absolutely new taxes upon from 150 to 180 millions of people. It is admitted

by the proposer that there are "absolutely no data upon which any reliable calculation can be made of their result."

I say that the history of mankind affords no instance of such an experiment, carried out on such a scale. I say that it is perfectly impossible for me to conceive of its succeeding under such conditions. I say that the deepest gratitude is owing to the first man who comes forward and shows under what conditions, within what limits, it cannot succeed, and therefore should not be tried.

Now I do not wish to be misunderstood. Mr. Wilson left this country, not perhaps amid such a chorus of universal good opinion as the applause of farewell meetings and dinners might lead one to think, but still with the reputation of a very able, very hard-working, and very experienced financier. I think his scheme a very able one. I wish to see it tried, on a safe and limited scale. I hope it may succeed, so as eventually to be applicable on a larger one. Even were it to fail, I believe him to be entitled to our very great gratitude for devising it. Anything more absurd, anything more wicked than our financial administration of India hitherto, it is impossible to conceive. We have so ruled a land of the utmost fertility, capable of producing everything under heaven, with a practical monopoly of growth as respects several articles in great demand, teeming with a docile and industrious population, as to have a deficit in thirty-three years out of the last forty-six (1814—1860), a surplus only in thirteen, the net total deficit amounting to nearly sixty-four millions. Mr. Wilson comes, and says: This shall be no longer. All thanks to him for so doing. He says: I will do no further towards sapping the productive powers of the country at their very root by adding to the weight of the land-tax. I will tax production in its fruits, and consumption in its enjoyments. Right again, most right. But when he comes to the specific measures for applying these principles—a tax on incomes, a licence-duty for trades, a duty on tobacco—then the whole question of *specific* merit

is opened up as to every one of these taxes, and the application of every one, and the figure of every one. A tax may be admirable as respects ten millions of people, detestable as respects the ten next millions, their neighbours. Admit if you like—and I sincerely trust it is so—that Mr. Wilson's taxes are perfectly adapted for Northern India, which he has seen, what possible ground can there be for supposing that they are equally adapted to Central and Southern India, which he has not seen?

Let us test this by a comparison. In the year 2060, North American conquerors have established their dominion over the whole of Europe, minus part of Russia, a few small European states remaining here and there as their tributaries, but all the present distinctions of race, language, habits, religion, remaining the same, and the relation between conquerors and conquered being complicated by the fact that the former are Mormons, whose creed is abhorrent to European notions. They have not shown themselves able financiers; the surplus revenues of every most flourishing state have mostly vanished upon its annexation; yearly deficits have been, for a length of time, the rule. After a dangerous rebellion, a shrewd Yankee is sent from Connecticut to set the finances of America's European empire straight. He takes a rapid run *via* Southampton and London, through Belgium and North Germany, returns to Hamburg, the capital of the empire, and three months after arrival, puts forth a new budget, imposing three spick and span new taxes on the whole population, from the North Cape to Gibraltar, averring beforehand that he cannot calculate what they will bring in. Whereupon, a subordinate official, of very great European as well as American experience, who only rules over France, Spain, and Portugal, gets up and says: "Your scheme won't do in any way for the countries under my charge; I undertake for them to restore the balance between income and expenditure without new taxes, by merely reducing expenditure." Now, judging of the twenty-first century by the lights

of the nineteenth, should not we hold that both might be quite right within the sphere of their own experience; but the shrewd Yankee most probably quite wrong in attempting to tax France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Hungary, half Germany, half the British Isles, not to speak of the Scandinavian countries, from his three months' experience of Southern England, Belgium, and half Germany? Why do we not see that what would be folly in the twenty-first century is folly in the nineteenth?

I believe, for my own part, Sir Charles Trevelyan had thoroughly calculated the cost of his own indiscretion. I believe he thought, and thought rightly, that the only appeal against the monstrous folly of Calcutta centralization which could save the country committed to his charge, lay to public opinion. I believe that, to make that appeal, he voluntarily sacrificed, not place and power alone, which he could well afford, but reputation. I believe that the true answer to that appeal on the part of his ultimate superiors in this country would have been—not to recall him, as they have done; not to send him to Calcutta, as Mr. Danby Seymour foolishly advised—but to have hurried a bill through both houses, declaring the Madras Presidency, for a twelvemonth at first, exempt from the jurisdiction of the Council in India, and to have cast upon Sir Charles the full responsibility of making good his own pledges; or, better still, to have at once authorized him by despatch to act upon those principles, and then to have come before Parliament with a bill of indemnity for themselves and for him.

For, if we will look into the heart of the matter, which Mr. Bright alone has done hitherto, the fault of all this lies in the insane concentration of power in the Calcutta Council.

If any one were to put before us the problem: How are 180 millions of people, speaking twenty or thirty different languages, following four different religions (themselves split up into innumerable sects), varying almost *ad infinitum* in race, colour, customs, modes

of life, thought, and feeling, to be governed by 100,000 men of another race, colour, and religion, and of strikingly different customs, modes of thought and feeling, from all the rest?—I suppose the very last solution which would occur to any one would be this: You shall establish a legislative and administrative body at one extremity of the country, which shall have supreme control over the whole, so that there shall be, as far as possible, one law, one police, one system of government taxation, affecting the whole of these 180 millions of men, and reducing them, as far as the dominant 100,000 can succeed in doing so, to unity and nationality. Now this is precisely the task which England has set before herself in governing India. One might have thought that the late rebellion would have roused her to a sense of the mischiefs attending its fulfilment; since that rebellion was only put down by means of such remnants of local autonomy as still subsist in our military organization, whereby the native armies of Bombay and Madras were rendered available to subdue the rebellious native army of Bengal; or by means of such temporary autonomy as was allowed to Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, and was exercised on a smaller scale, in fact, in a hundred separate localities, by every individual English official who was not carried away by the flood. Yet the lesson seems to have been utterly thrown away, and our whole empire is to be staked on the cast of a die, since Mr. Wilson himself practically admits that his three new taxes amount to no more.

It is not indeed four independent governments which India wants, but twenty or thirty—to be entirely self-ruled within, with power to federate for economical purposes, but with no other subordination except direct to the mother-country. Possibly, the power of making peace and war might be vested in a supreme governor-general; but since India is no farther from us now in point of time than were the West Indies thirty years ago, it seems difficult to believe that even this can be

strictly necessary; indeed half our Indian wars ere this, I suspect, would have been saved by the absence of such a power. I believe it is impossible to calculate the wondrous development of local activity and life which such a decentralization would call out; the vigour of root which European intellect might then show forth, striking deep into a soil which it now only languidly trails over, in the constant expectation of being transplanted from high to low, from bleak to sunny, from clay to sand; the improved processes of government which emulation would then realize. I believe that Sir Charles Trevelyan's self-sacrifice will bear its fruits; that Indian centralization will reel and crumble beneath the very weight of his fall; that men will no longer be satisfied with a mock uniformity of rule, which requires, for the success of its experiments, that such a man should be driven from his post. The autonomy of the Presidencies is the least result which I expect from his indiscretion. God grant that it may not have to realize itself through the preliminary process of a rebellion, in precisely that portion of India which passed almost scatheless through the last!

This is not the time to discuss, in their application to India, the three great methods of equalizing income and expenditure—reduction of expenditure; increased taxation; or increased expenditure for reproductive purposes. I have confined myself hitherto simply to one point—the utter absurdity of supposing that an entirely new system of taxation can be enforced all at once throughout all India. I do not wish to complicate with details that simple point, self-evident when once perceived, only not perceived, I venture to think, through that political short sight which renders some men actually incapable of perceiving things on account of their very evidence—just as, I take it, the limited vision of the mole renders it incapable of realizing the bulk of the elephant. With the highest admiration for Sir Charles Trevelyan's character, I

am far from approving of many of his acts since his assumption of the government of Madras; his conduct towards one great Indian family in particular—to judge from a recent pamphlet by Mr. J. B. Norton—painfully recalls old Leadenhall-street officialism. But I am bound to say that, as respects this financial scheme, even in matters of detail, there is strong reason to think that Sir Charles Trevelyan is, for Madras, right altogether. A landowner in his own Presidency writes thus (15th March), knowing as yet only Mr. Wilson's scheme, and not Sir Charles's opposition to it:—

"You will have read Wilson's *great* speech. . . Its delivery will mark an "Indian epoch; but his scheme of "native taxation is another affair. I "hope that will not also mark an "epoch. I go thoroughly along with "the principles, adopt every one of "them where practicable; but how can "they be practicable in Madras, where "the European collectors and assistants "are the sole reliable instruments in "each province for assessing the licence "and income tax? Trust the duty to "the amlahs, and see if the natives "will pay. In Madras, the artisans and "small shopkeepers are, as a rule, too "poor to pay. Wilson has planned an "admirable machine, and has to learn "that he is without the power of setting "it in motion."

Again, as to Sir Charles's undertaking to meet expenditure by retrenchment, I can only add that an Indian officer of great experience in military administration in Bombay, and as free from rashness by temperament as he is by age, has expressed to me the confident belief that the thing is perfectly feasible—not in Madras, about which he knows little, and Sir Charles may be fairly supposed to know much—but in Bombay, which, it has been publicly stated, has never yet paid its own expenses.

If it be asked, *Why* should Mr. Wilson's taxes be good for Northern India, bad for Southern? the answer should be quite sufficient, For the same reason that taxes or charges which

suit England do not suit France, and *vice versâ*—so that *octroi* duties would drive Englishmen to rebellion, as turn-pike tolls would Frenchmen—so that we could as little bear a tobacco monopoly as France an income-tax. But for those who know anything of Indian history, the answer is plainer still. Northern India has capital; Southern, with a few exceptions, has not. The Madras Presidency,—though now, thank God, rapidly recovering under a milder system,—has for half a century been drained by the force-pump of ryotwar, or annual, settlements of the land revenue, except in those few districts formerly attached to Bengal, where a permanent settlement has been allowed to subsist. These being accepted,—unless at her capital, in the persons of a few native chieftains exceptionally treated, and in those of her money-lenders, she has no taxable incomes. Still less, as the above-quoted letter indicates, has she trades which would bear a licence-duty. The reverse is the case in Bengal, where the permanent settlement has favoured the accumulation of capital—in the northern provinces, where a third system of land revenue has at least not wholly destroyed it. Let a few years pass, and out of her now accruing income Madras will have accumulated capital sufficient to bear Mr. Wilson's burthens. At present, they would stop the very power of accumulation, and thus run counter to the very principles of his own budget.

A singular want of judgment, it may be observed, has hitherto attended the recall of India's governors. Such a punishment, or its equivalent, has invariably reached those who were among her ablest and best. Lord Macartney

lost the governor-generalship because he would not take it without the power of overruling his council, which was straightway granted to his successor. Lord Wellesley was worried out of office by "the ignominious tyranny of Leadenhall Street." Lord William Bentinck was recalled from Madras for not having prevented a plot which never existed. Sir Charles Metcalfe was not suffered to retain permanently the governor-generalship. Lord Ellenborough was recalled, after saving an empire which Lord Auckland had done his best to lose. He lost office in the Board of Control for writing a despatch which, as we know now from Mr. Russell's Diary, embodied the universal feeling of all on the spot who were qualified to judge; the spirit of which was, in practice, carried out from the first out of sheer necessity, and has eventually received the most signal homage through the acts of Lord Canning himself. Sir Charles Trevelyan now adds his name to the noble list of India's luckless ones. He may well be proud of his company.

NOTE.

Through an untoward misprint, the word "*Pantheism*" was, in the last sentence but one of Mr. Ludlow's article on "Spiritualistic Materialism" (vol. ii. p. 51), printed as "*Pantheism*," and the greater portion of the impression went off before the error could be remedied. The phrase should stand thus:—

"But against such Pantheism, overt or latent, in the gristle or in the bone, there is no better preservative than the *Pantheism*, if I may use the term, of Christianity."

The writer would not, but for what has happened, have deemed it necessary to point out that the distinction he sought to establish was between the looking upon all as God (*pan-theos*), and upon all as from God, or divine (*pan-theos*).